

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

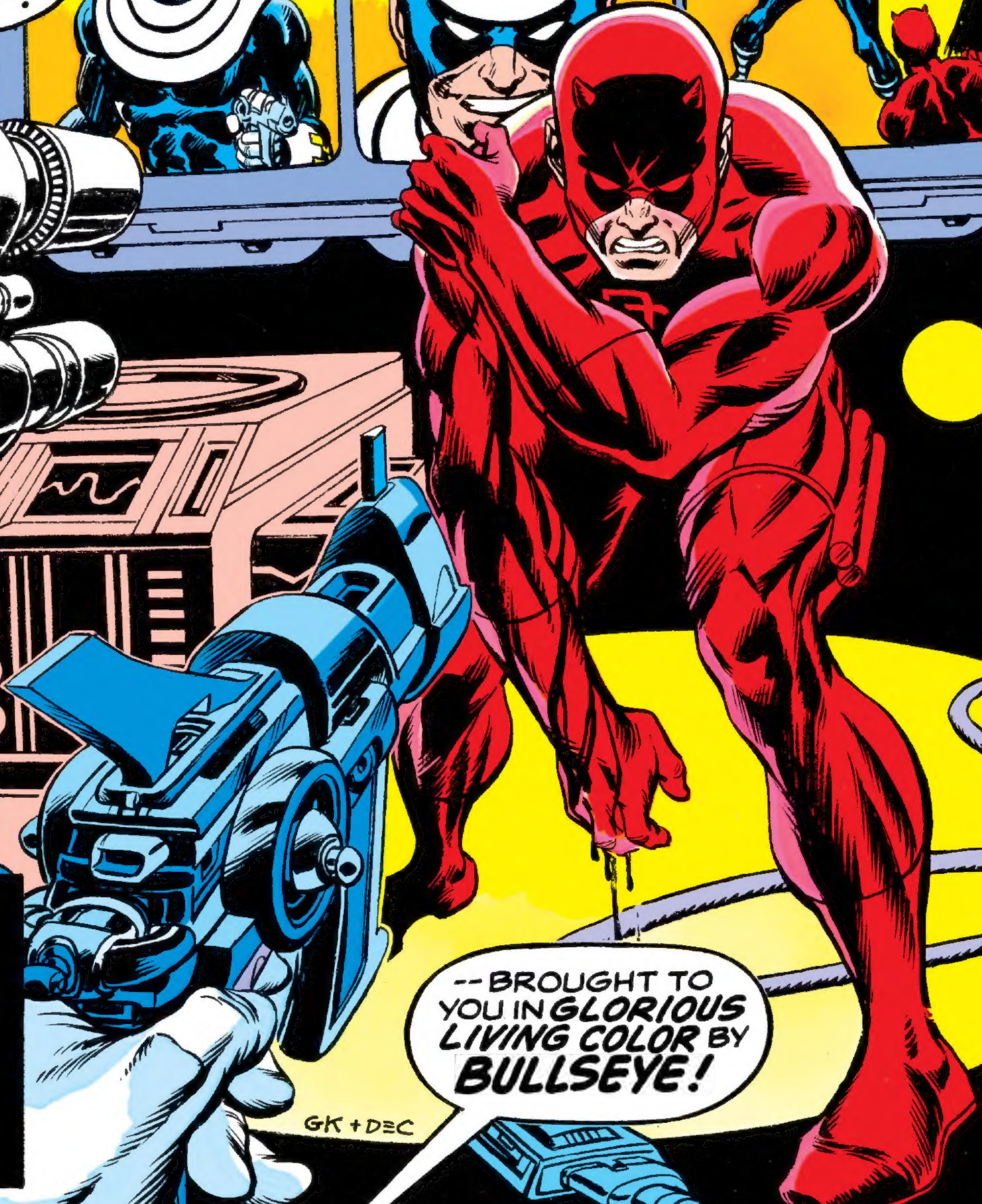
30¢ 146  
JUNE  
02459

# DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



WATCH  
CAREFULLY,  
HOME-VIEWERS!  
LIVE FROM  
NEW YORK, IT'S  
DAREDEVIL'S  
DEATH--!



-- BROUGHT TO  
YOU IN GLORIOUS  
LIVING COLOR BY  
BULLSEYE!

GK + DEC



He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

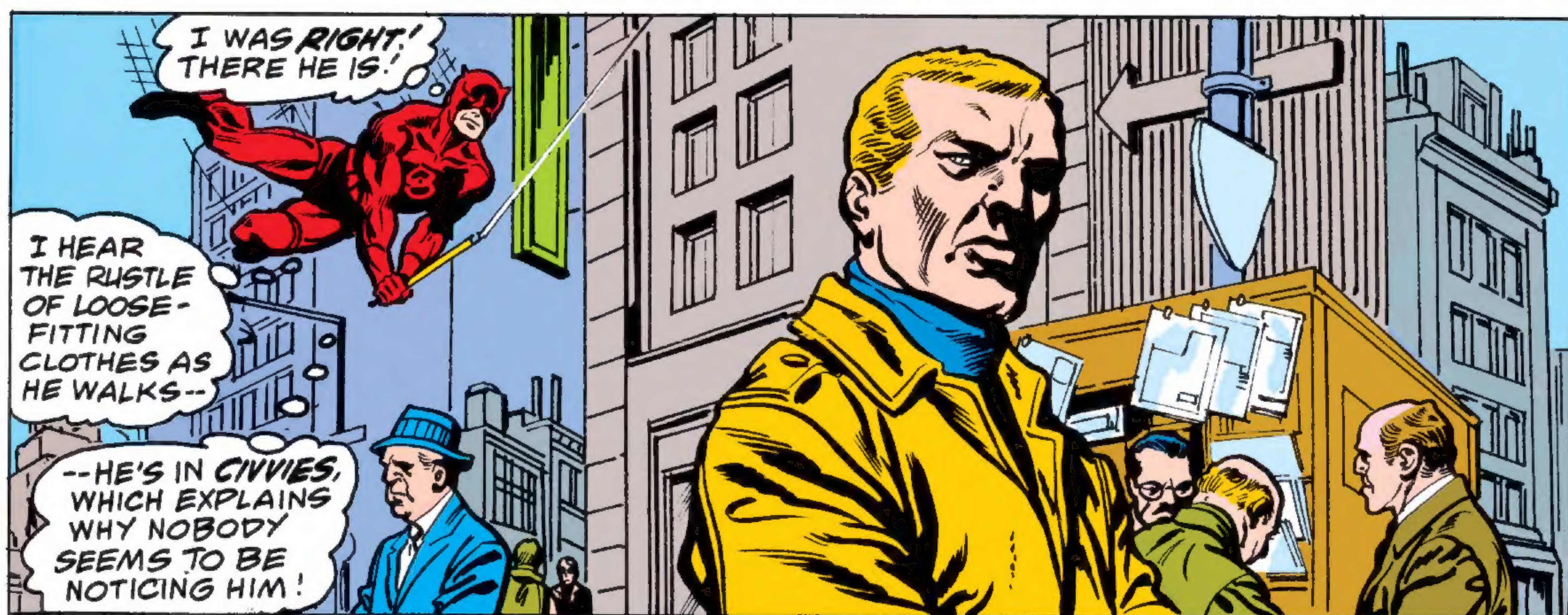
# DUELL!

CAN'T BE SURE FROM THIS HIGH UP--TOO MANY PEOPLE, TOO MUCH NOISE, OVERLOADING MY SUPER-HEARING! CAN'T CLEARLY FOCUS ON JUST ONE VOICE OR HEARTBEAT!

BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD BULLSEYE MUTTERING TO HIMSELF DOWN IN THAT CROWD!

JIM SHOOTER  
WRITER  
GIL KANE  
ARTIST  
JIM MOONEY  
INKER  
DENISE WOHL  
LETTERER  
DON WARFIELD  
COLORIST  
ARCHIE GOODWIN  
EDITOR

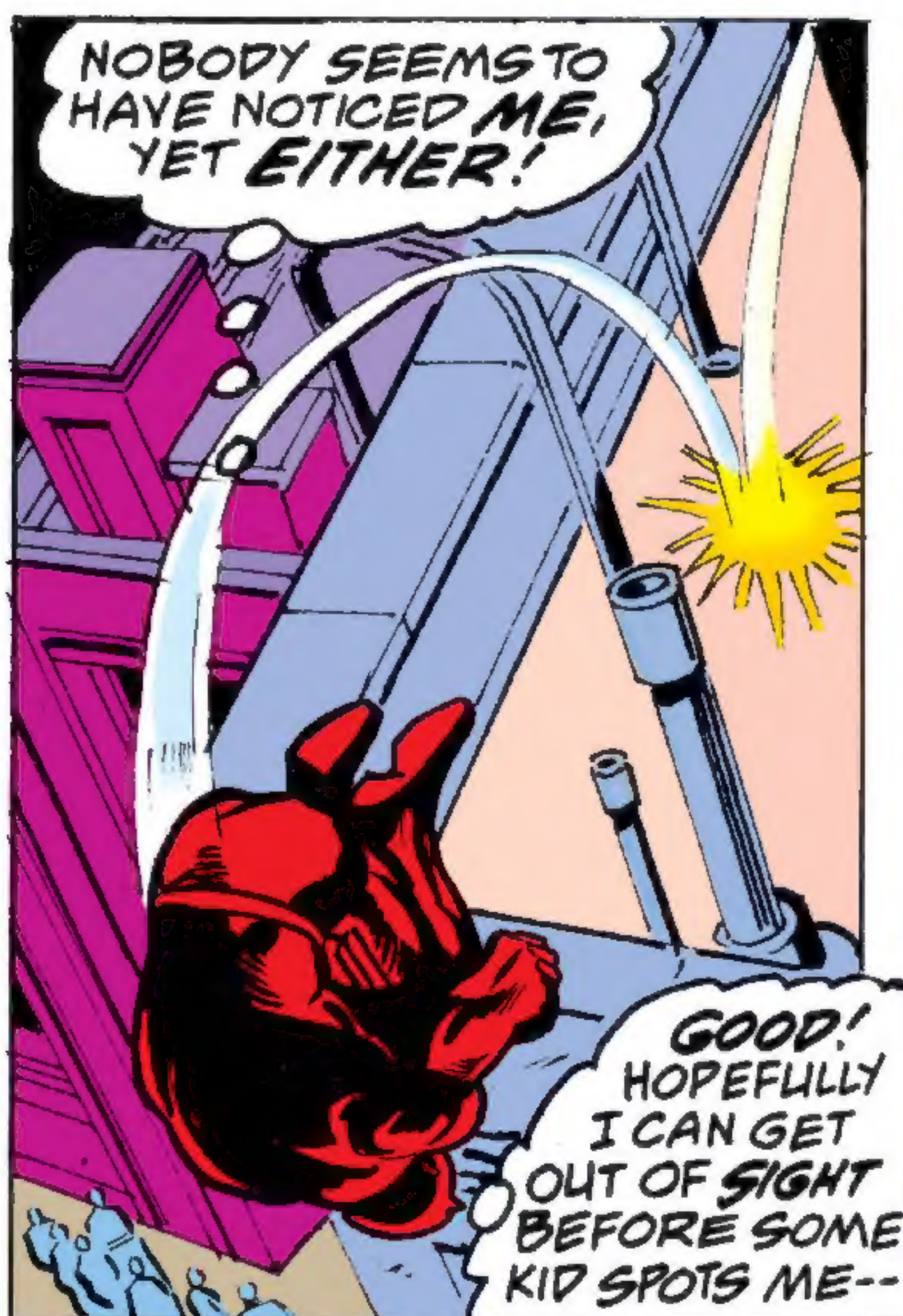




I WAS RIGHT!  
THERE HE IS!

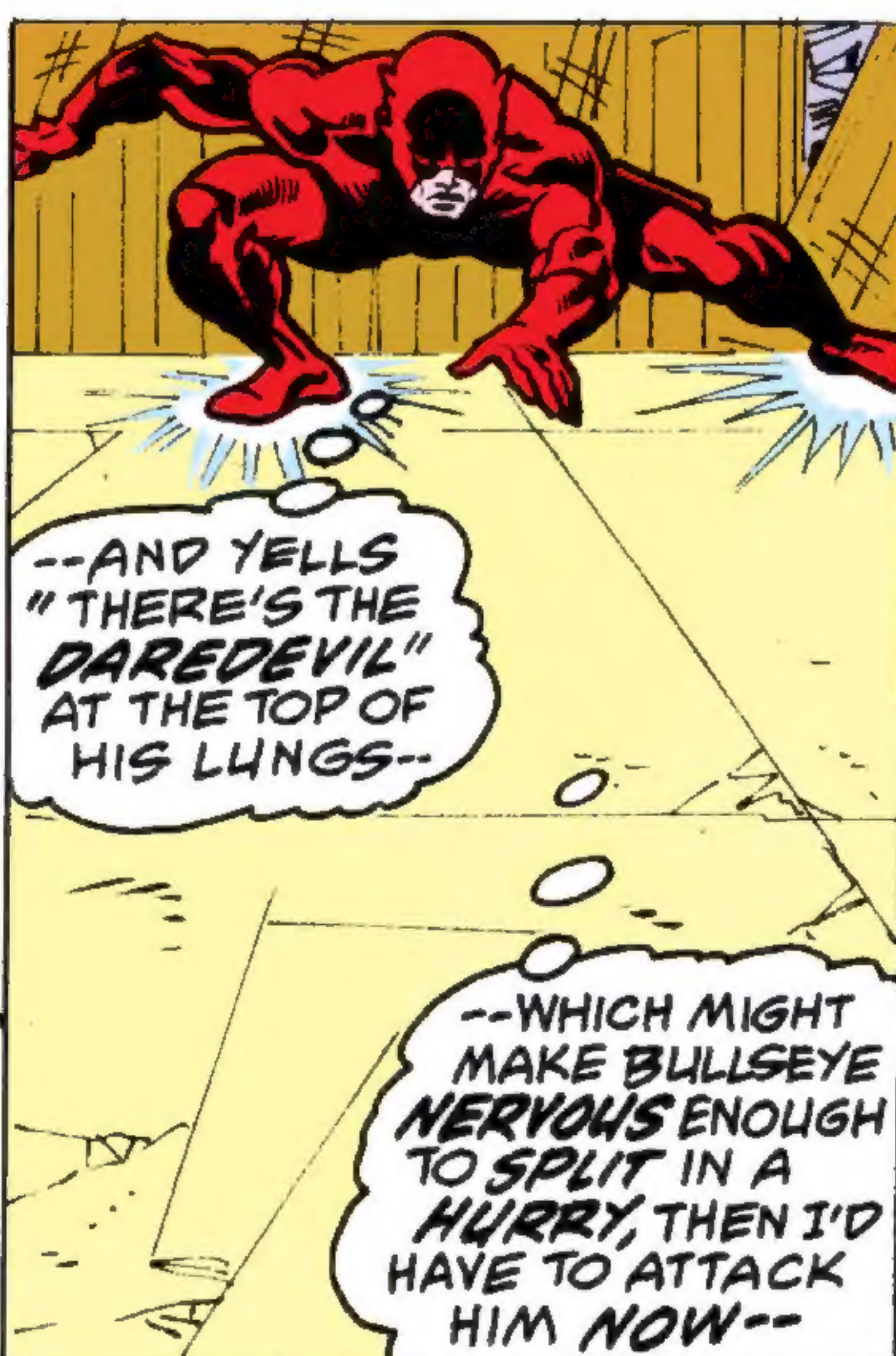
I HEAR  
THE RUSTLE  
OF LOOSE-  
FITTING  
CLOTHES AS  
HE WALKS--

--HE'S IN CIVVIES,  
WHICH EXPLAINS  
WHY NOBODY  
SEEMS TO BE  
NOTICING HIM!



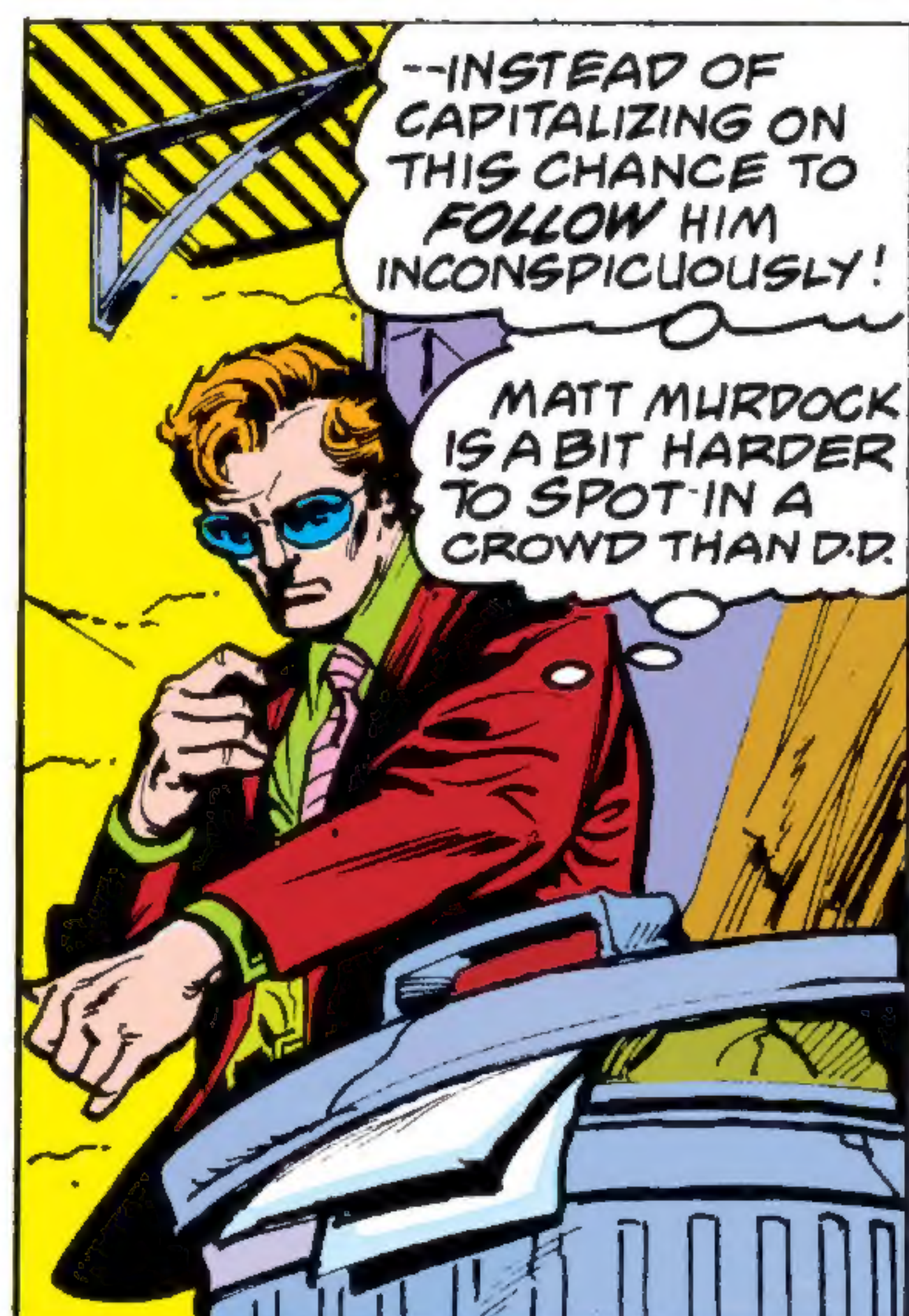
NOBODY SEEMS TO  
HAVE NOTICED ME,  
YET **EITHER!**

GOOD!  
HOPEFULLY  
I CAN GET  
OUT OF SIGHT  
BEFORE SOME  
KID SPOTS ME--



--AND YELLS  
"THERE'S THE  
**DAREDEVIL**"  
AT THE TOP OF  
HIS LUNGS--

--WHICH MIGHT  
MAKE BULLSEYE  
**NERVOUS** ENOUGH  
TO SPLIT IN A  
HURRY, THEN I'D  
HAVE TO ATTACK  
HIM NOW--



--INSTEAD OF  
CAPITALIZING ON  
THIS CHANCE TO  
FOLLOW HIM  
INCONSPICUOUSLY!

MATT MURDOCK  
IS A BIT HARDER  
TO SPOT IN A  
CROWD THAN D.D.

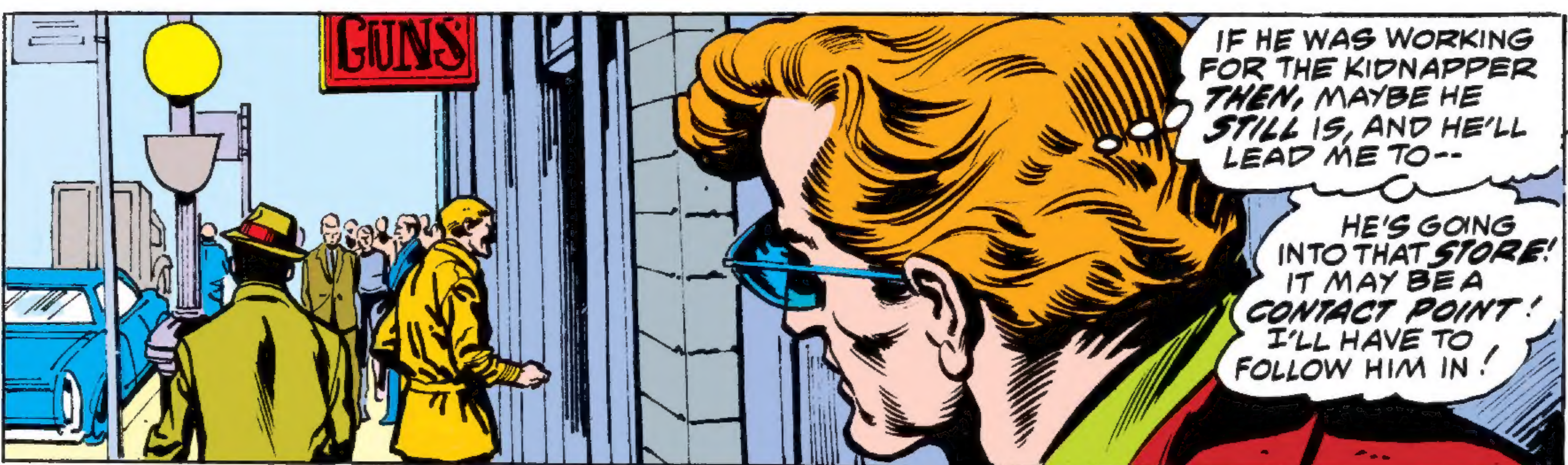


SECONDS LATER, A BLIND  
LAWYER SETS OUT TO  
STALK THE WORLD'S MOST  
DANGEROUS KILLER-  
FOR-HIRE...

BULLSEYE DROPPED  
OUT OF SIGHT AFTER  
HIS ATTEMPTED  
MURDERS OF FOGGY  
AND ME--\*

\*D.D.#141--ARCH.

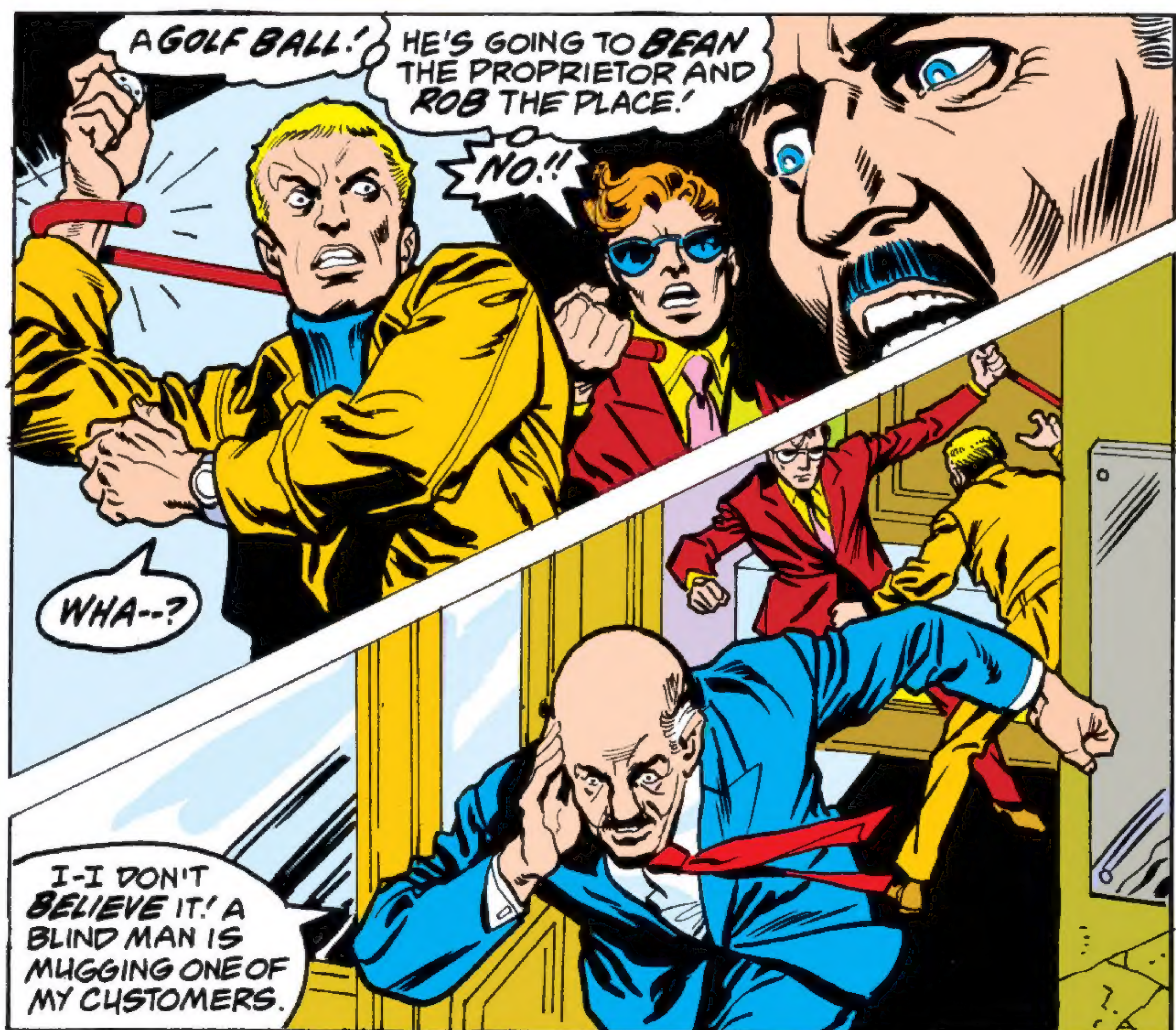
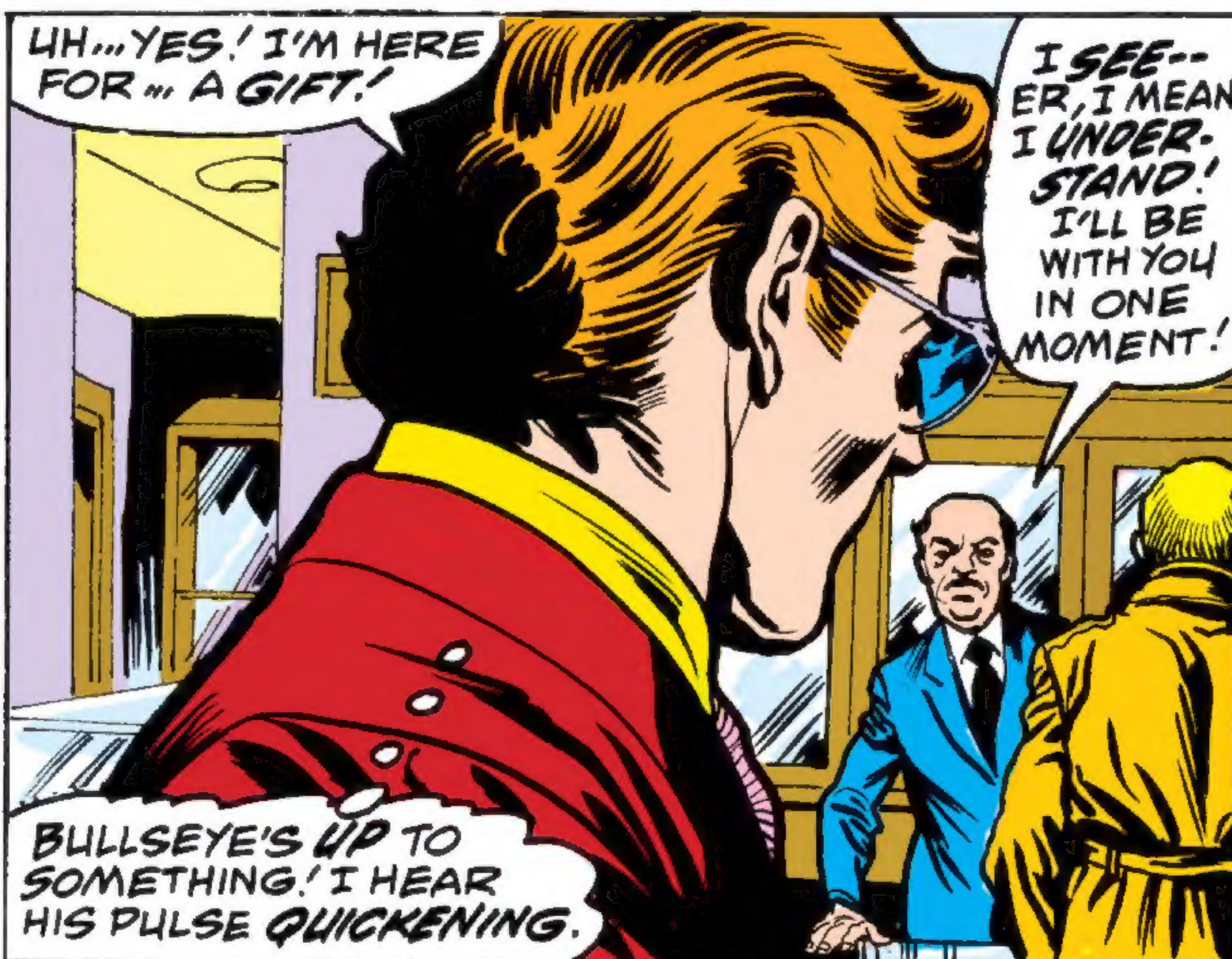
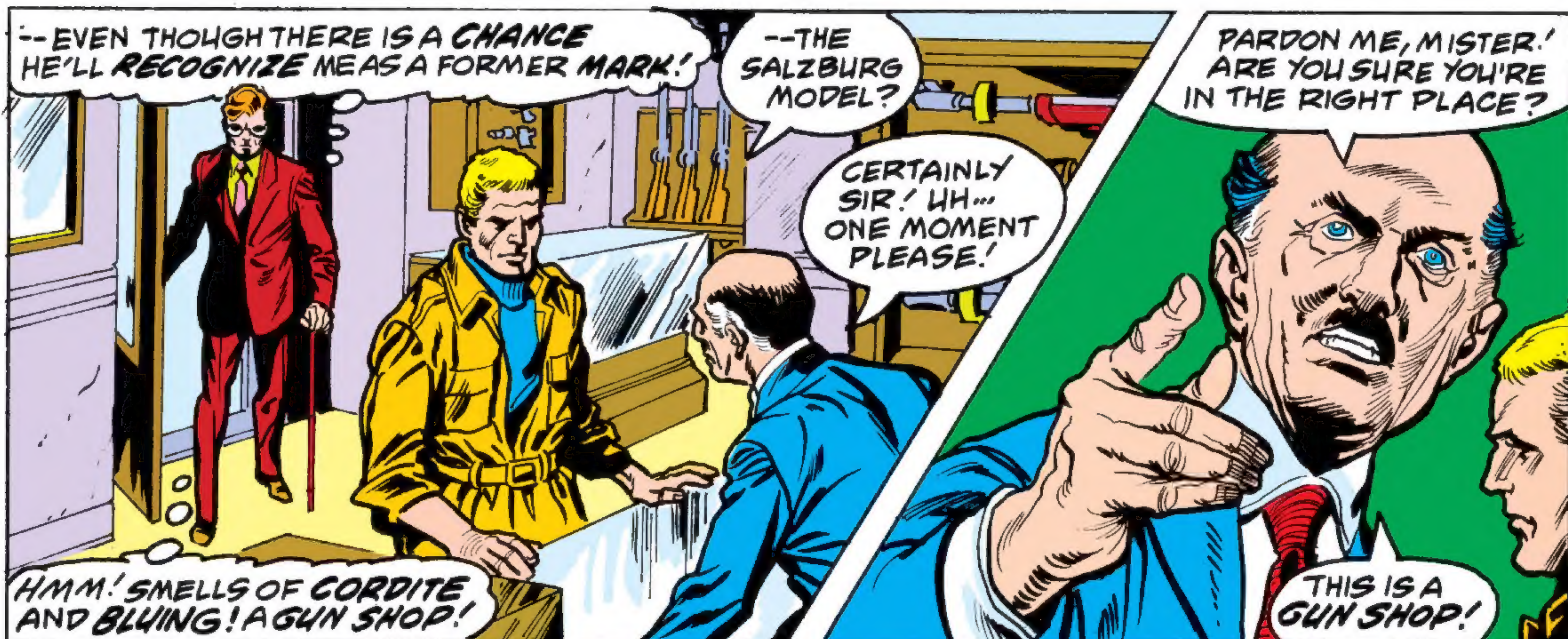
--WHILE WE WERE DIGGING FOR  
CLUES TO THE IDENTITY OF THE  
KIDNAPPER OF FOGGY'S FIANCE  
DEBORAH HARRIS!



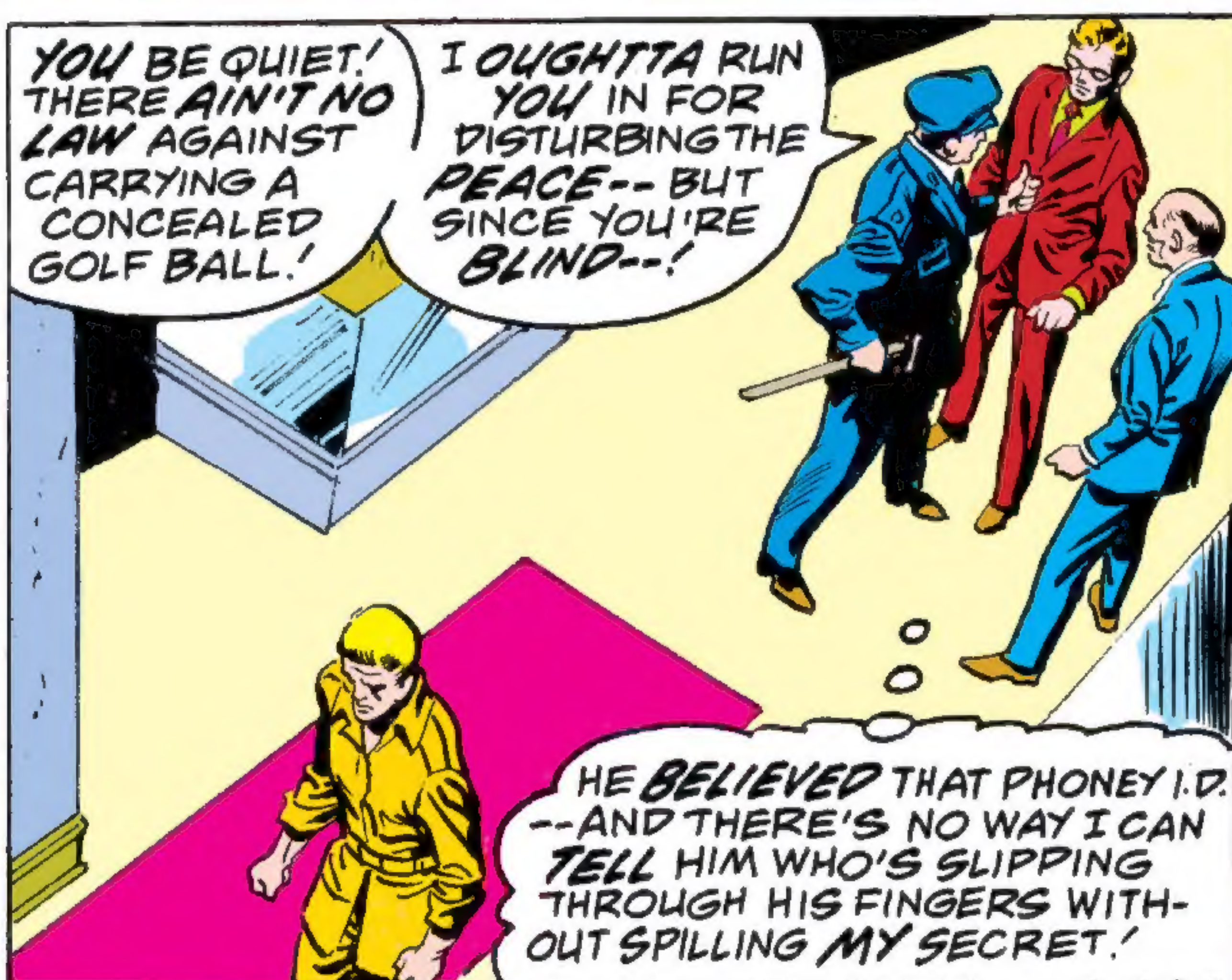
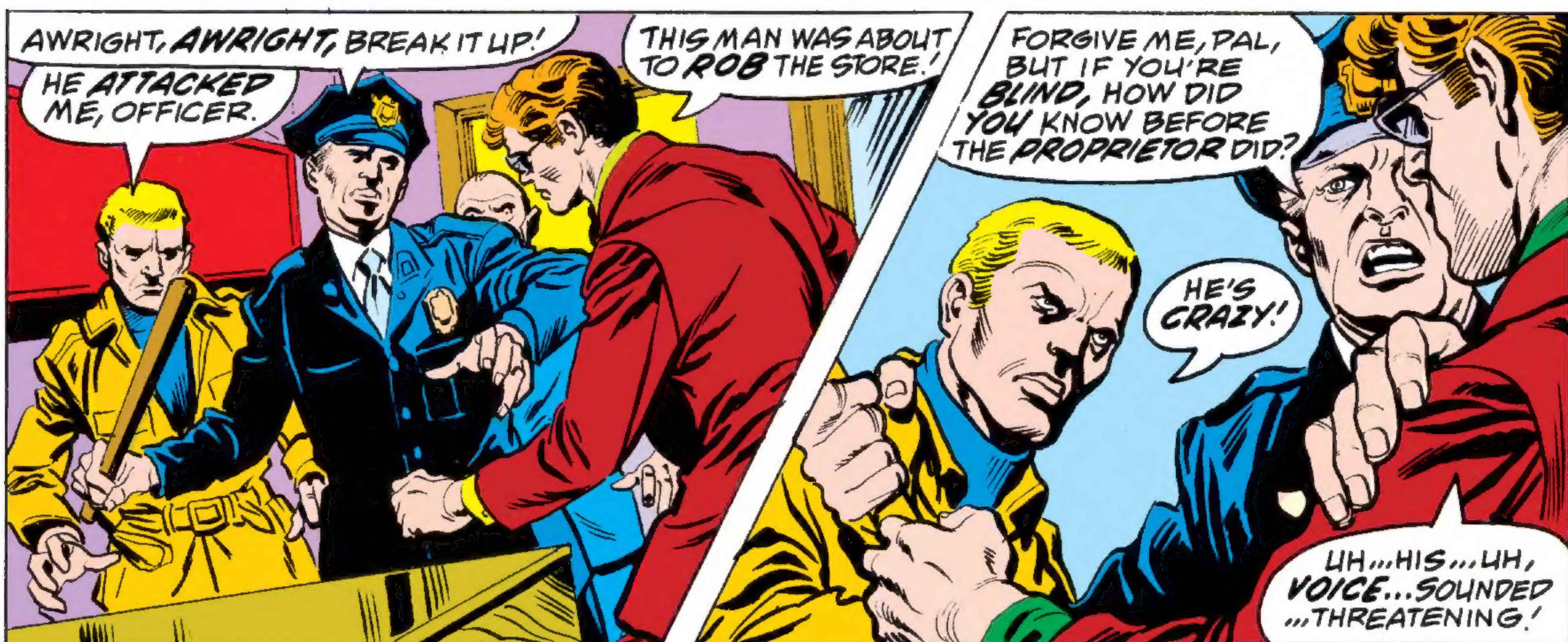
IF HE WAS WORKING  
FOR THE KIDNAPPER  
THEN, MAYBE HE  
STILL IS, AND HE'LL  
LEAD ME TO--

HE'S GOING  
INTO THAT STORE!  
IT MAY BE A  
CONTACT POINT!  
I'LL HAVE TO  
FOLLOW HIM IN!

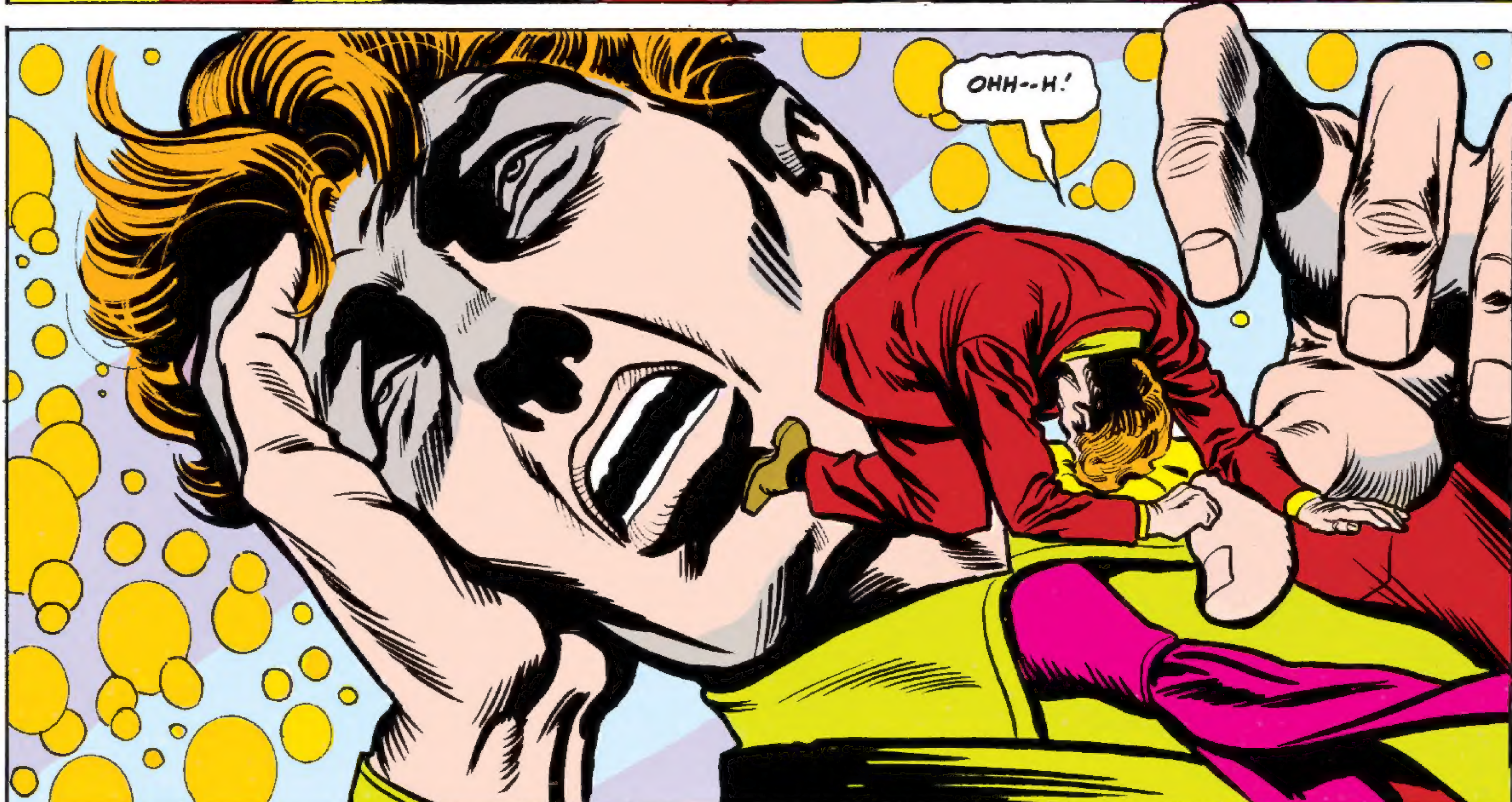
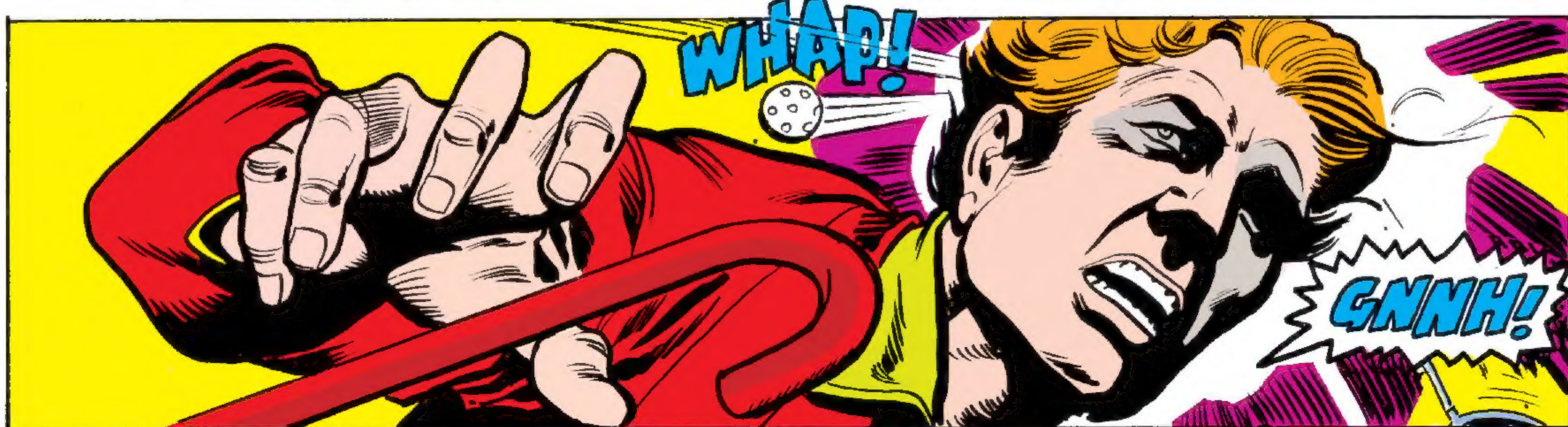
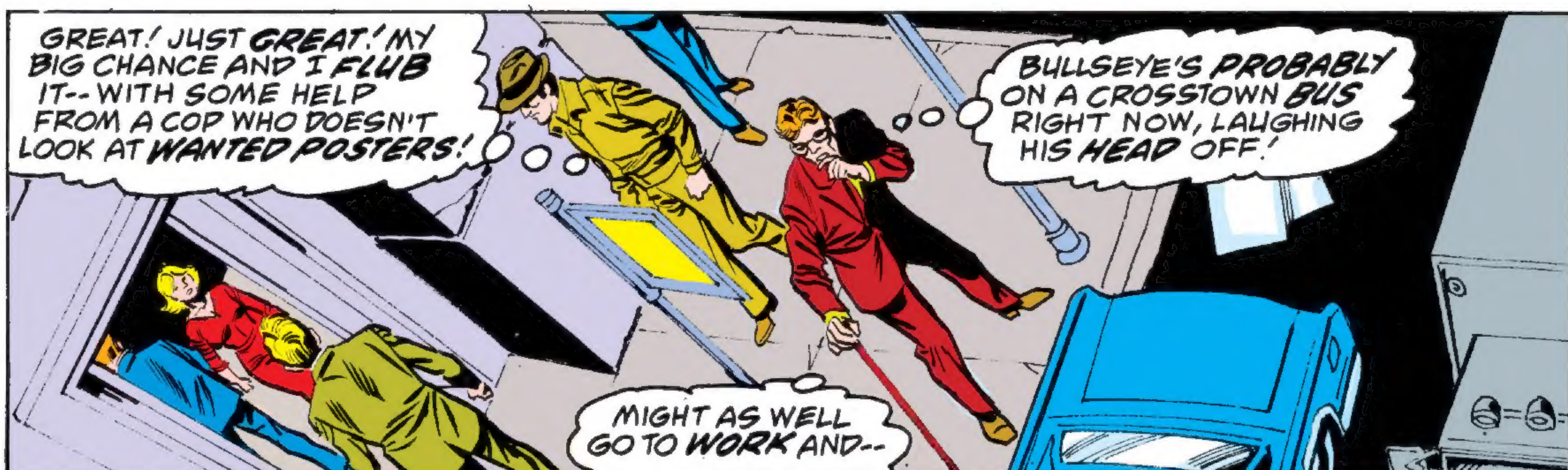
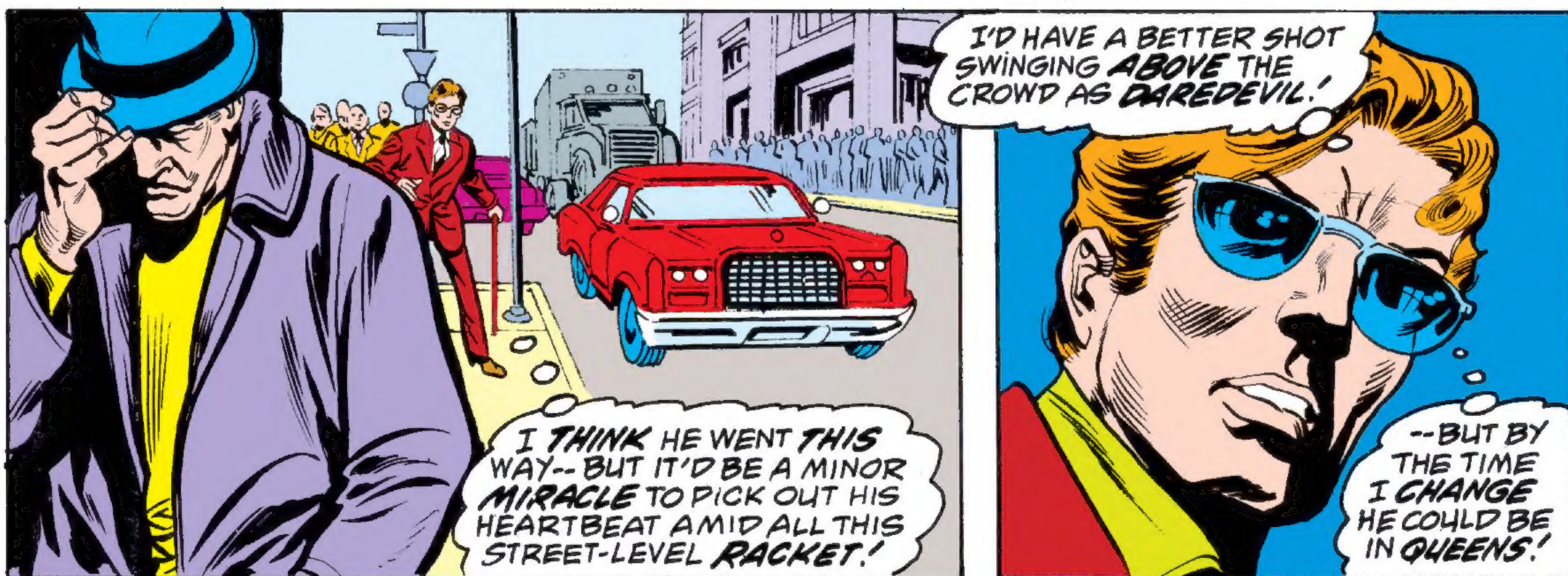








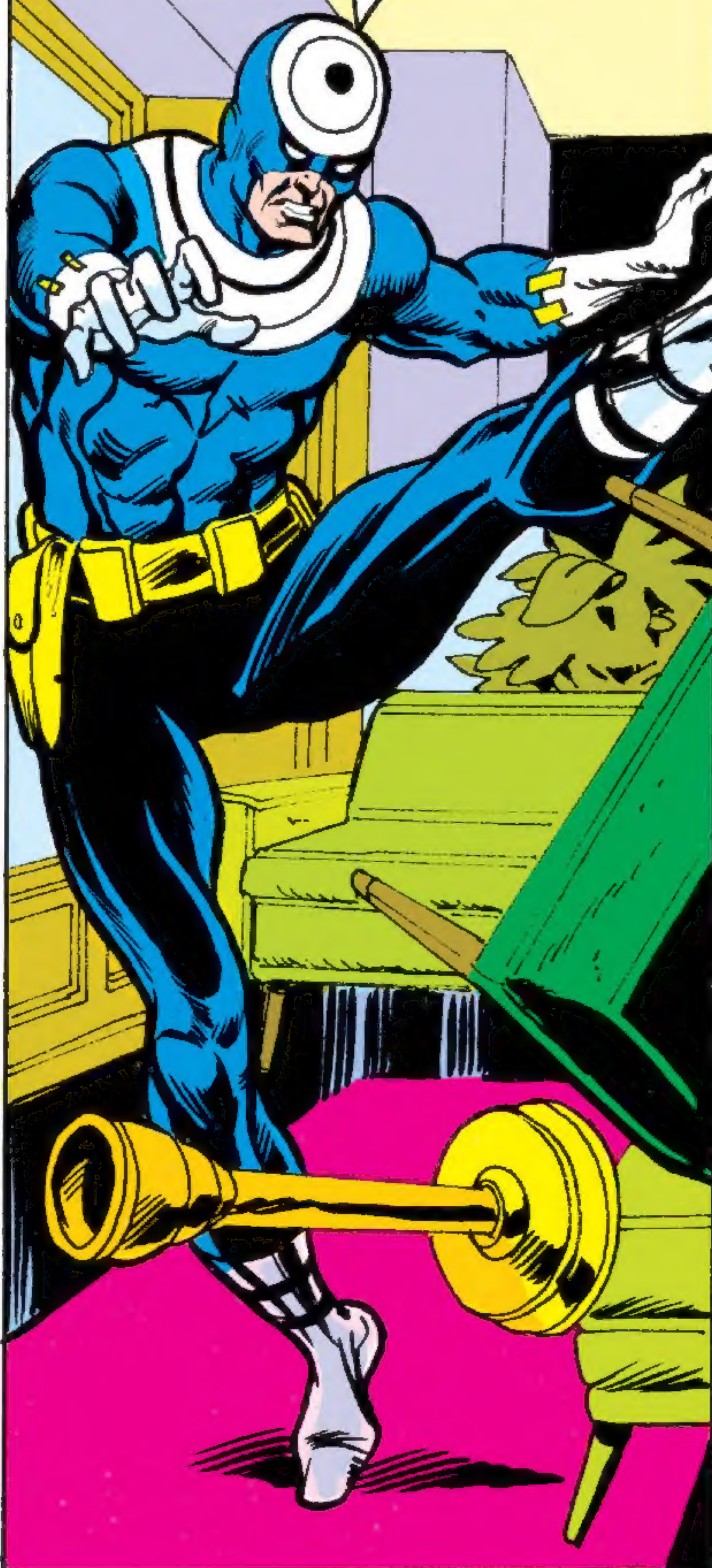






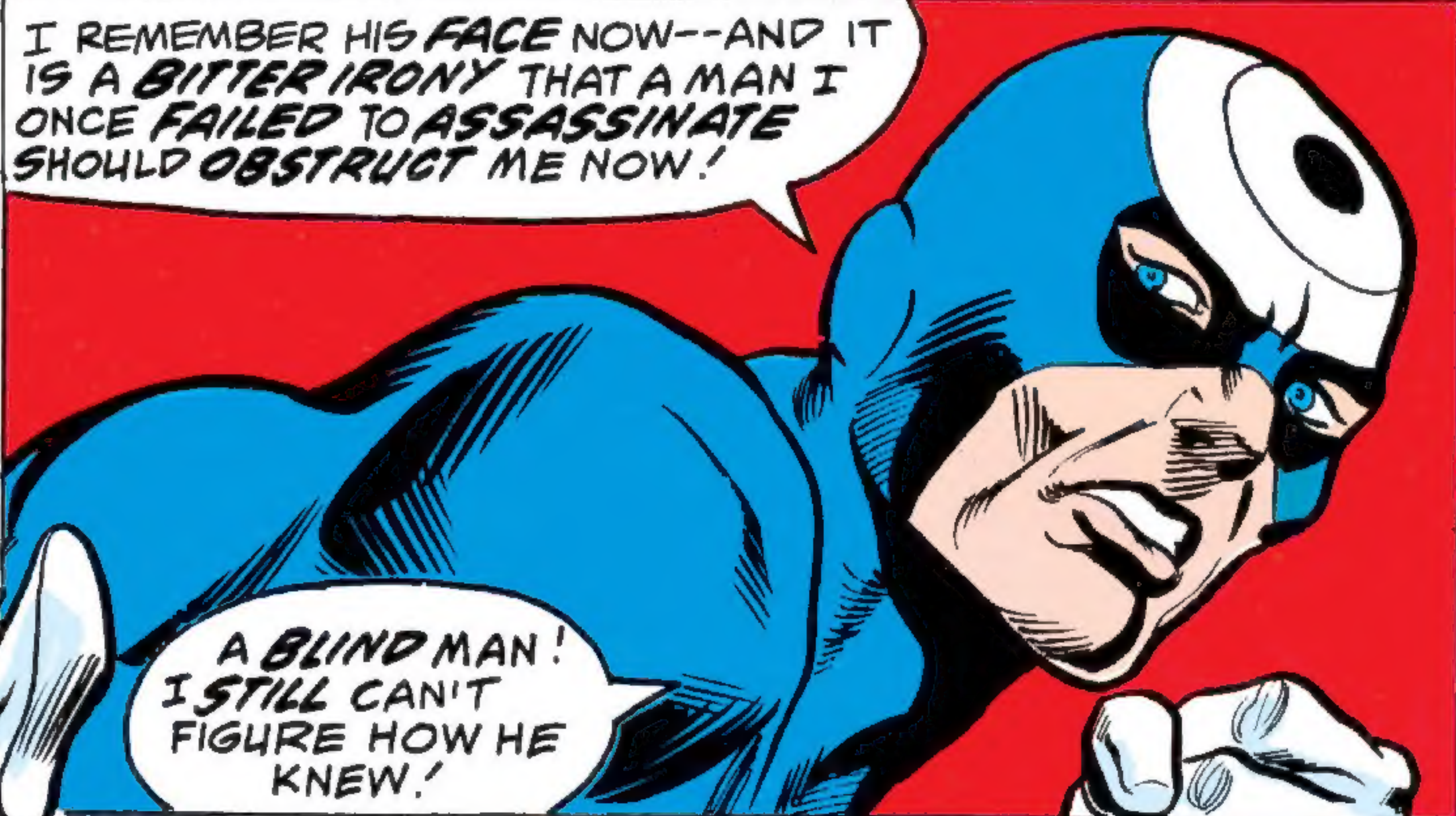
AN HOUR LATER, IN A COMFORTABLE EAST SIDE APARTMENT LEASED TO ONE BENJAMIN PONDEXTER...

BAH! A SCHEME OF THE FEARSOME MAN CALLED BULLSEYE FOILED BY A BLIND MAN!

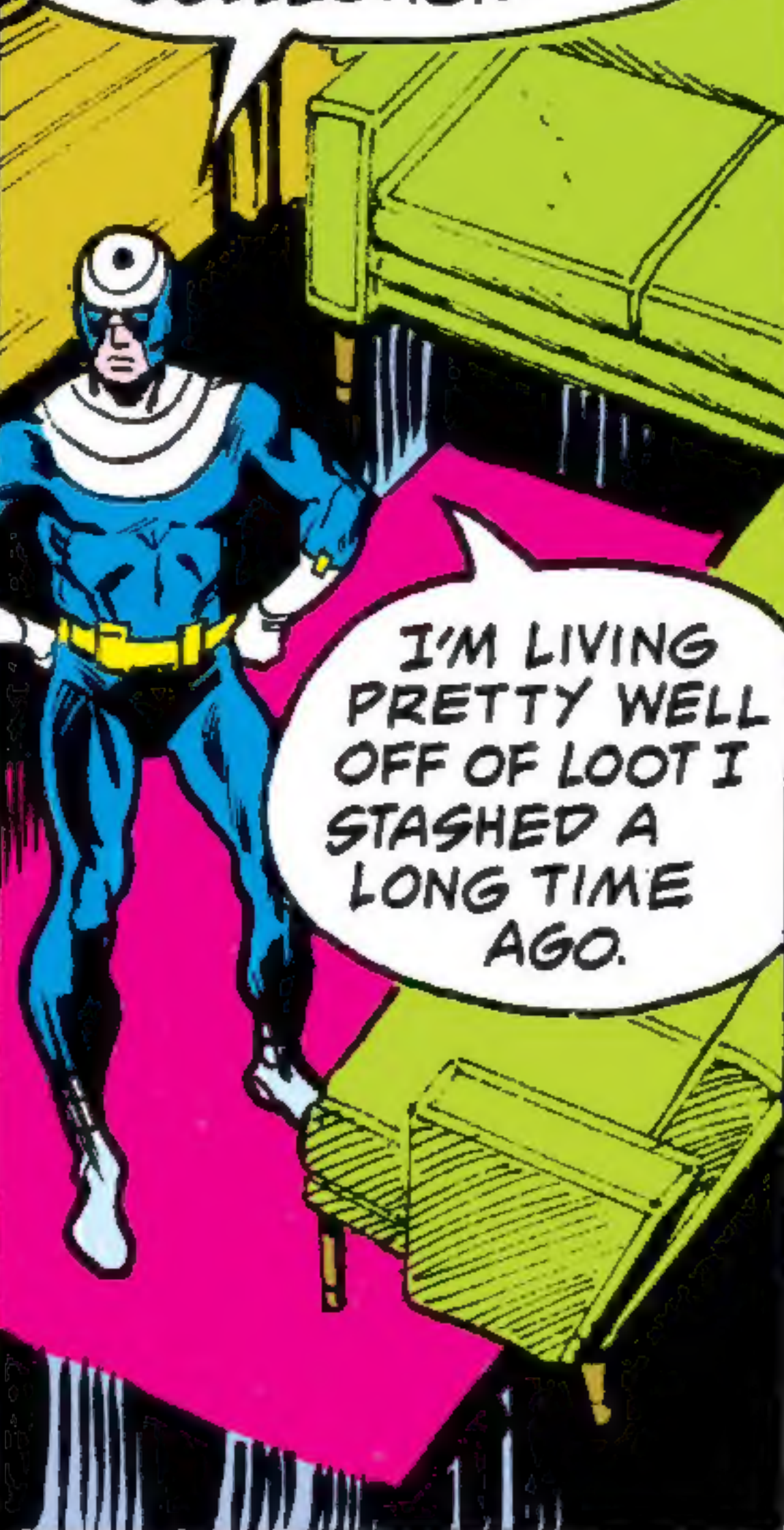


I REMEMBER HIS FACE NOW--AND IT IS A BITTER IRONY THAT A MAN I ONCE FAILED TO ASSASSINATE SHOULD OBSTRUCT ME NOW!

A BLIND MAN! I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW HE KNEW!



IT WASN'T AN IMPORTANT CRIME! I JUST INTENDED TO STEAL A PARTICULAR RARE PISTOL FOR MY COLLECTION.



I'M LIVING PRETTY WELL OFF OF LOOT I STASHED A LONG TIME AGO.

--BUT I'M TIRED OF LAYING LOW WAITING FOR A BIG MONEY CONTRACT THAT'LL NEVER COME.



SINCE I BLEW MY LAST JOB, AND THEN LET DAREDEVIL ESCAPE ME WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE TO KILL HIM, \*MY REP IS GONE.

BUT I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK-- IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN TREMBLE AT THE NAME BULLSEYE!

\*D.D. #142. --A.G.

LATER THAT DAY AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

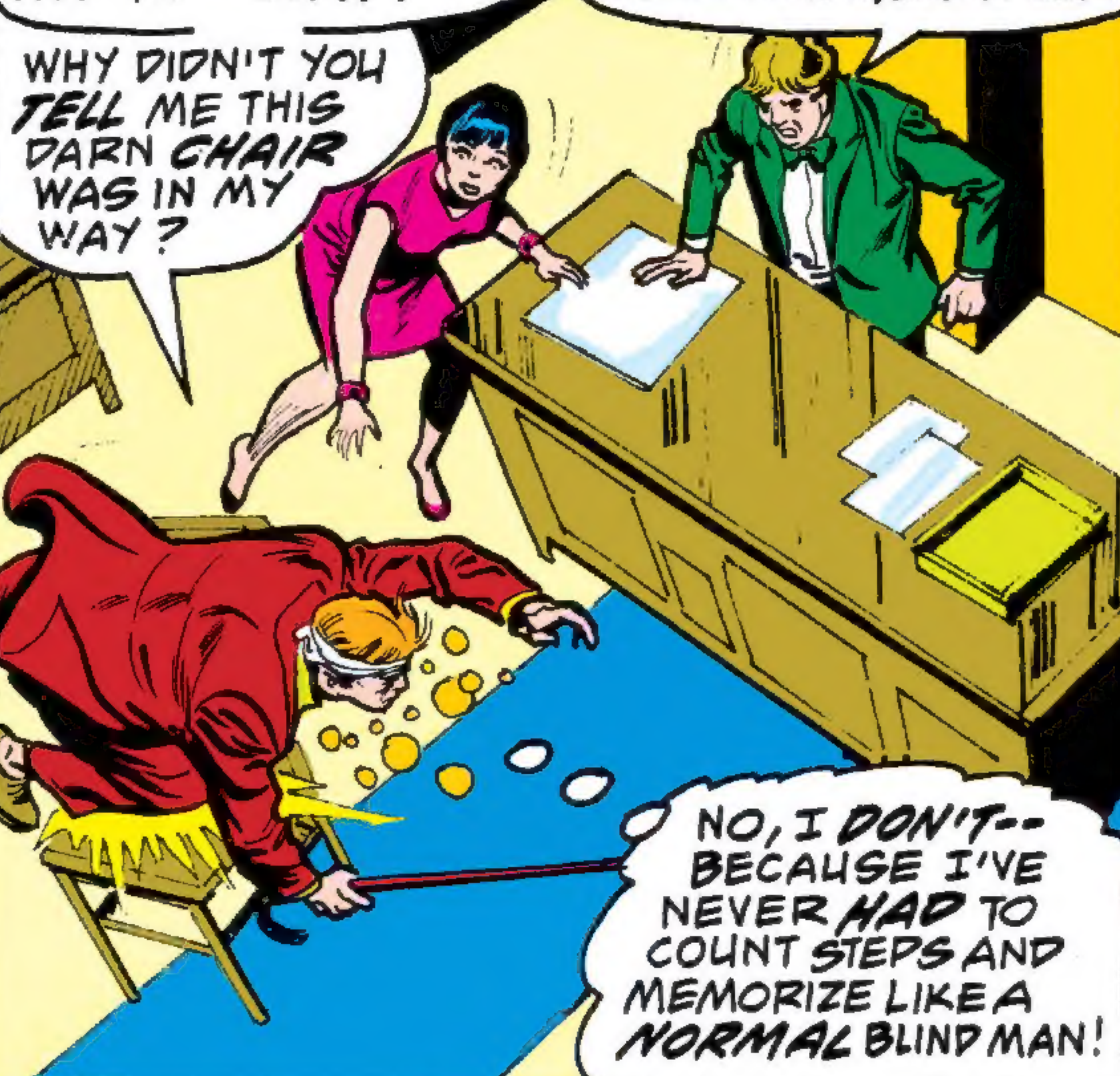
FOGGY? HEATHER?



MATT! WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I COULDN'T SEE. WHAT HIT M-- OWN!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS DARN CHAIR WAS IN MY WAY?



BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE--AND YOU HAVE THE OFFICE MEMORIZER

NO, I DON'T-- BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD TO COUNT STEPS AND MEMORIZE LIKE A NORMAL BLIND MAN!

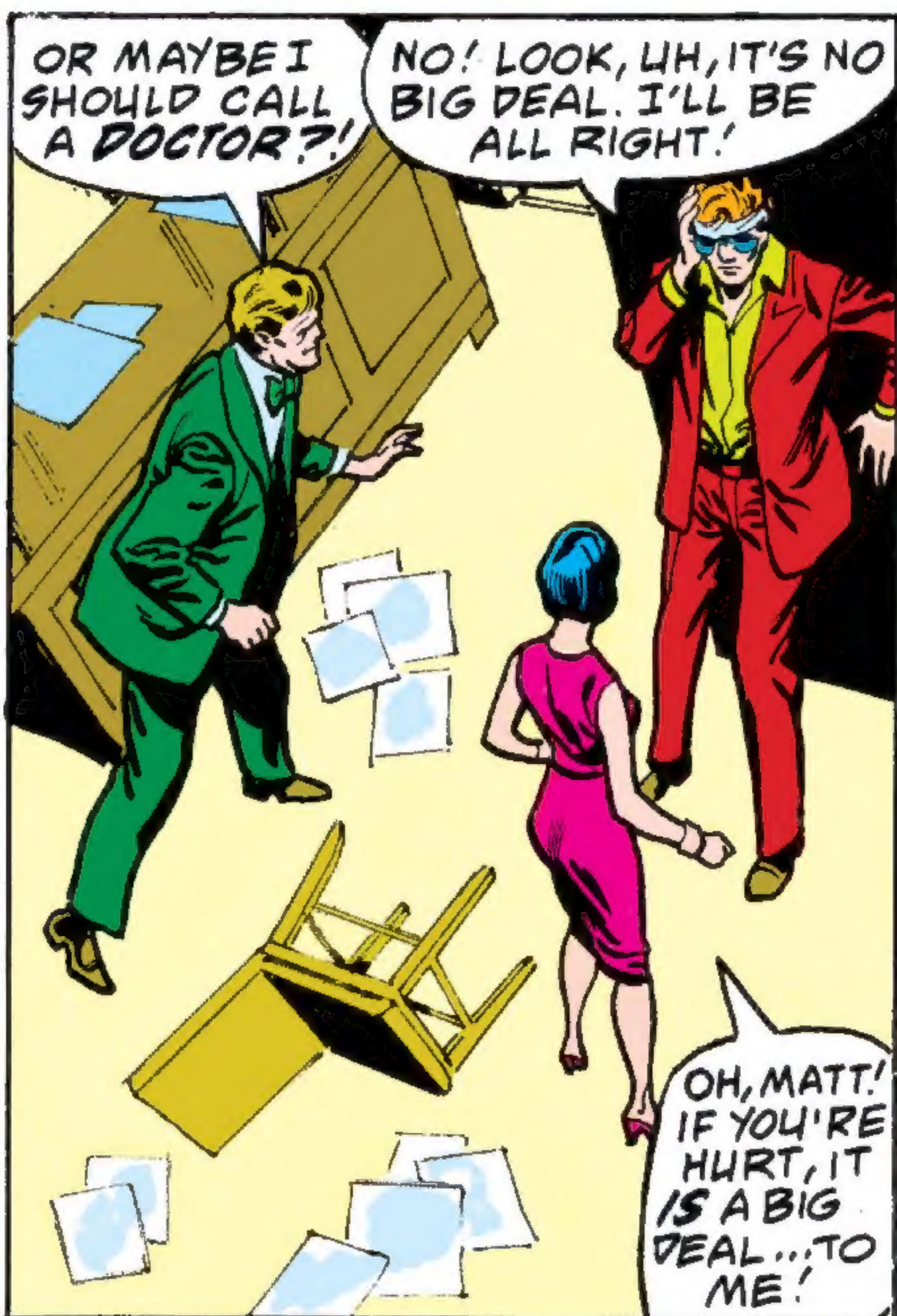




I'VE ALWAYS HAD MY **RADAR SENSE** TO GUIDE ME--  
--TILL NOW.

I-I'M A LITTLE **CONFUSED** GUYS!  
I TOOK A PRETTY **BAD RAP** ON THE **SKULL**!

IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN **DO**? UH--WHY DON'T YOU SIT **DOWN**--AND I'LL GET YOU A GLASS OF **WATER**.



OR MAYBE I SHOULD CALL A **DOCTOR**?!

NO! LOOK, UH, IT'S NO **BIG DEAL**. I'LL BE **ALL RIGHT**!

OH, MATT!  
IF YOU'RE **HURT**, IT IS A **BIG DEAL**...TO ME!



PLEASE DON'T DRAW AWAY FROM ME WHEN YOU NEED **HELP**! I **LOVE** YOU! I WANT TO BE THE ONE YOU **TURN** TO.

SHE **MEANS** IT...

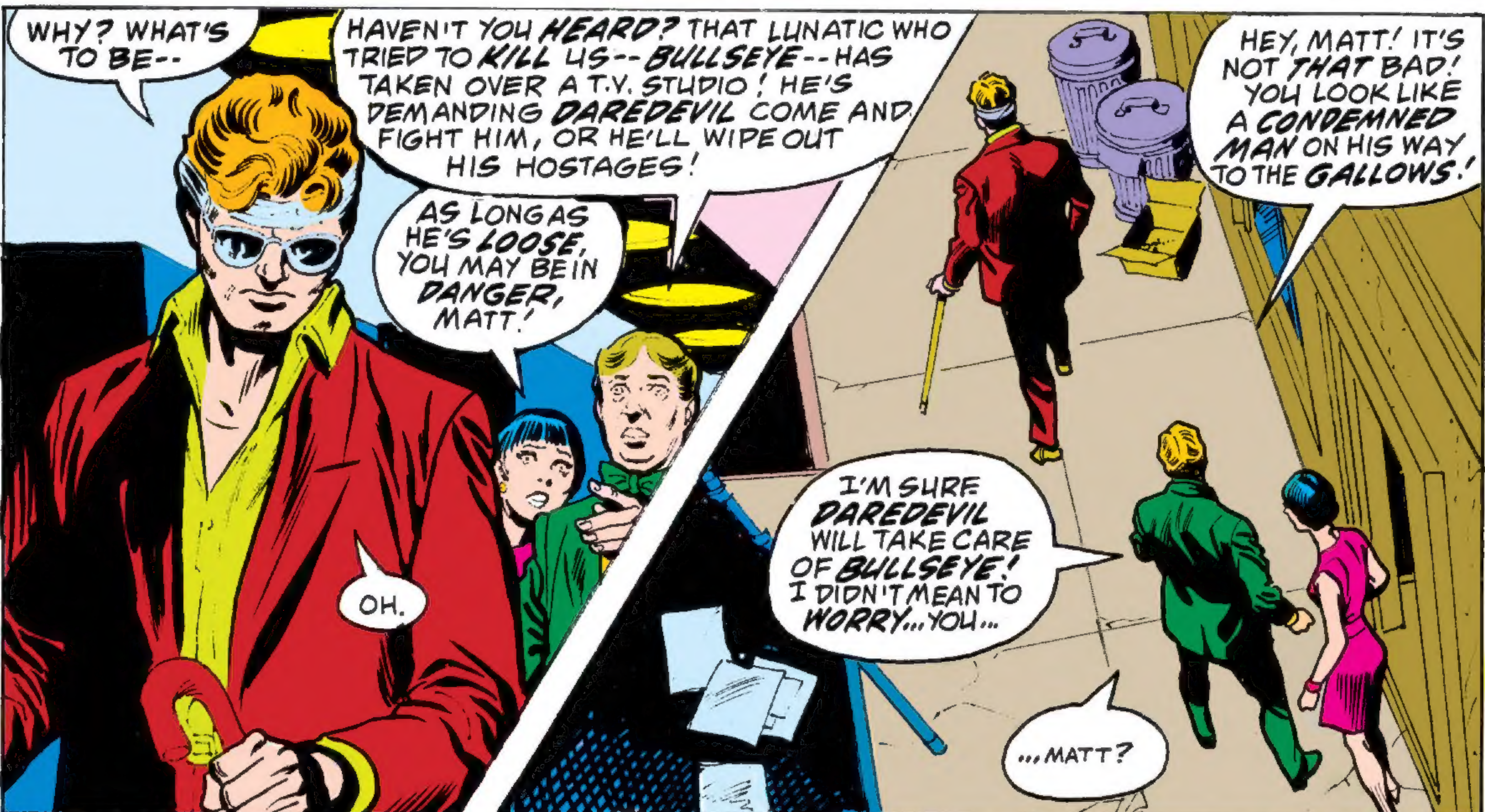


...BUT MY **RADAR SENSE** COULD BE GONE FOR **GOOD**. AND MY OTHER **SUPER-SENSES** DON'T **BEGIN** TO MAKE UP FOR MY **BLIND-NESS** BY THEMSELVES.

I **CAN'T**... I **WON'T** LET **HEATHER** WASTE HER LIFE **PITYING** ME!

I...THINK I'LL **JUST GO HOME**!

OH, NO!  
DON'T GO **OUT ALONE PLEASE**!



WHY? WHAT'S TO BE--

HAVEN'T YOU **HEARD**? THAT **LUNATIC** WHO TRIED TO **KILL** US--**BULLSEYE**--HAS TAKEN OVER A **T.V. STUDIO**! HE'S DEMANDING **DAREDEVIL** COME AND **FIGHT** HIM, OR HE'LL WIPE OUT HIS **HOSTAGES**!

AS LONG AS HE'S **LOOSE**, YOU MAY BE IN **DANGER**, MATT!

OH.

I'M SURE **DAREDEVIL** WILL TAKE CARE OF **BULLSEYE**! I DIDN'T MEAN TO **WORRY**... YOU...

HEY, MATT! IT'S NOT **THAT BAD**! YOU LOOK LIKE A **CONDEMNED MAN** ON HIS WAY TO THE **GALLOWS**!

...MATT?



SOON, IN AN UPTOWN  
TELEVISION STUDIO...

--COUNTDOWN  
HAS *BEGUN*  
I WILL WAIT  
ONLY SO LONG...

...FOR A  
COWARD!

"THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!"  
*BAH!* WHERE IS THIS HERO?

I HAVE OFFERED  
HIM A CHALLENGE  
-- A DUEL TO THE  
DEATH TO PROVE  
MY TOTAL  
SUPERIORITY!

BY NOW HE  
MUST BE AWARE  
OF THE PRICE OF  
HIS COWARDICE--



--THESE  
THREE PEOPLE  
WILL DIE WHEN  
I RELEASE  
THESE WEIGHTED  
KNIVES--

"--IN SEVEN MINUTES!"

WE'RE  
READY TO  
RUSH HIM  
SIR, IF--

YEAH. I CAN'T  
FIGURE IT, THOUGH.  
WHY IS D.D.  
CHICKENING OUT?

BULLSEYE  
CLAIMS HE  
DOESN'T EVEN  
HAVE A GUN!

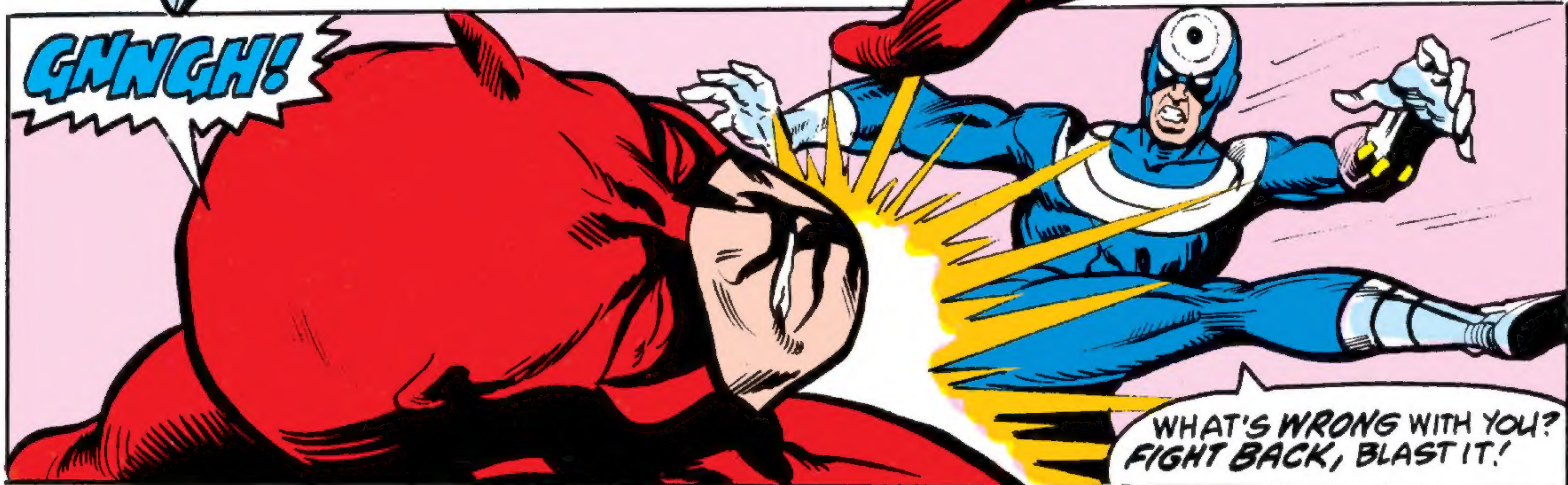
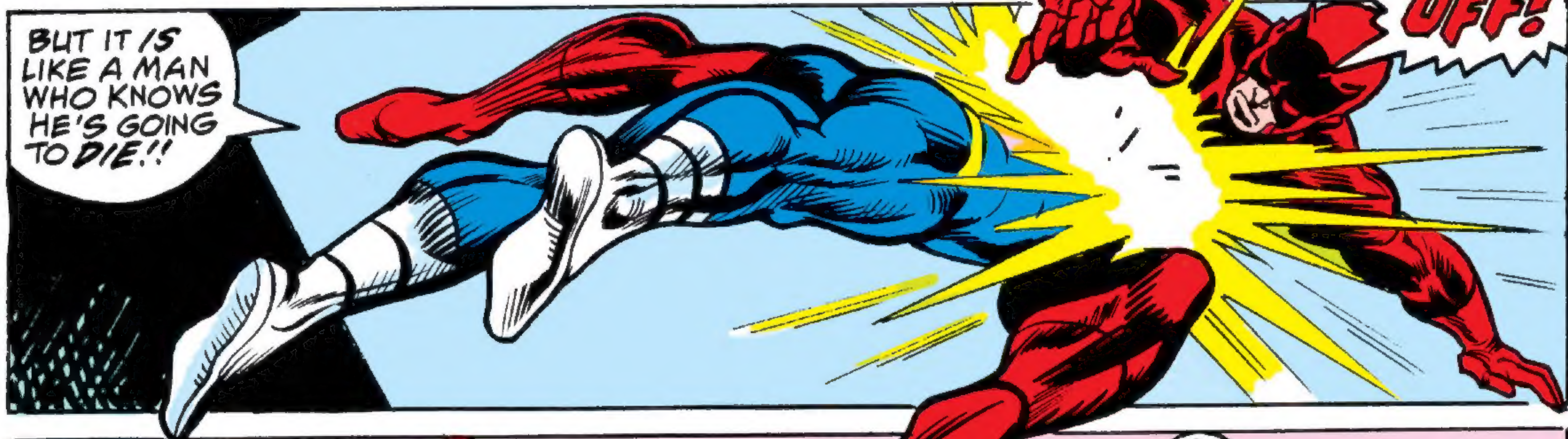
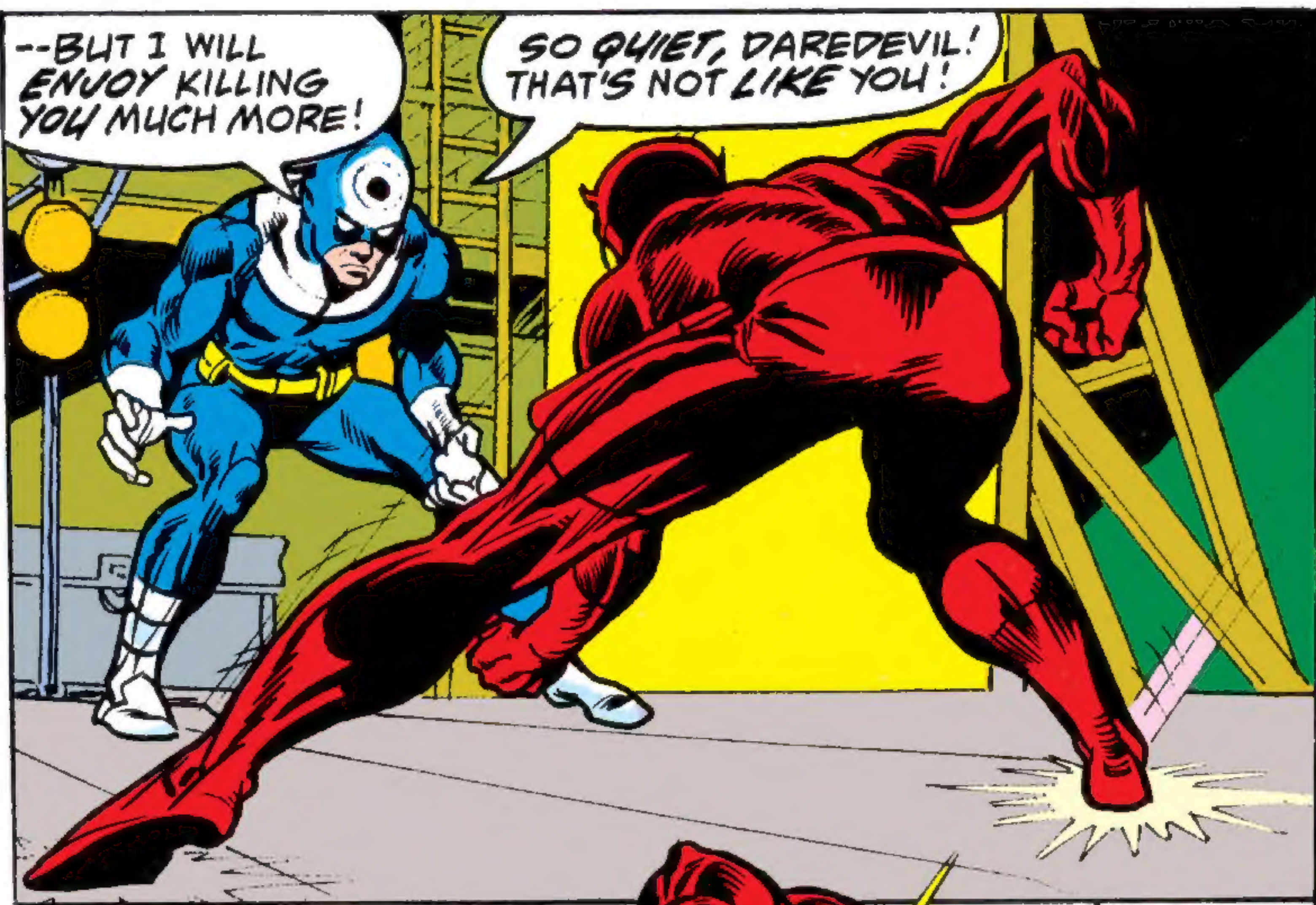
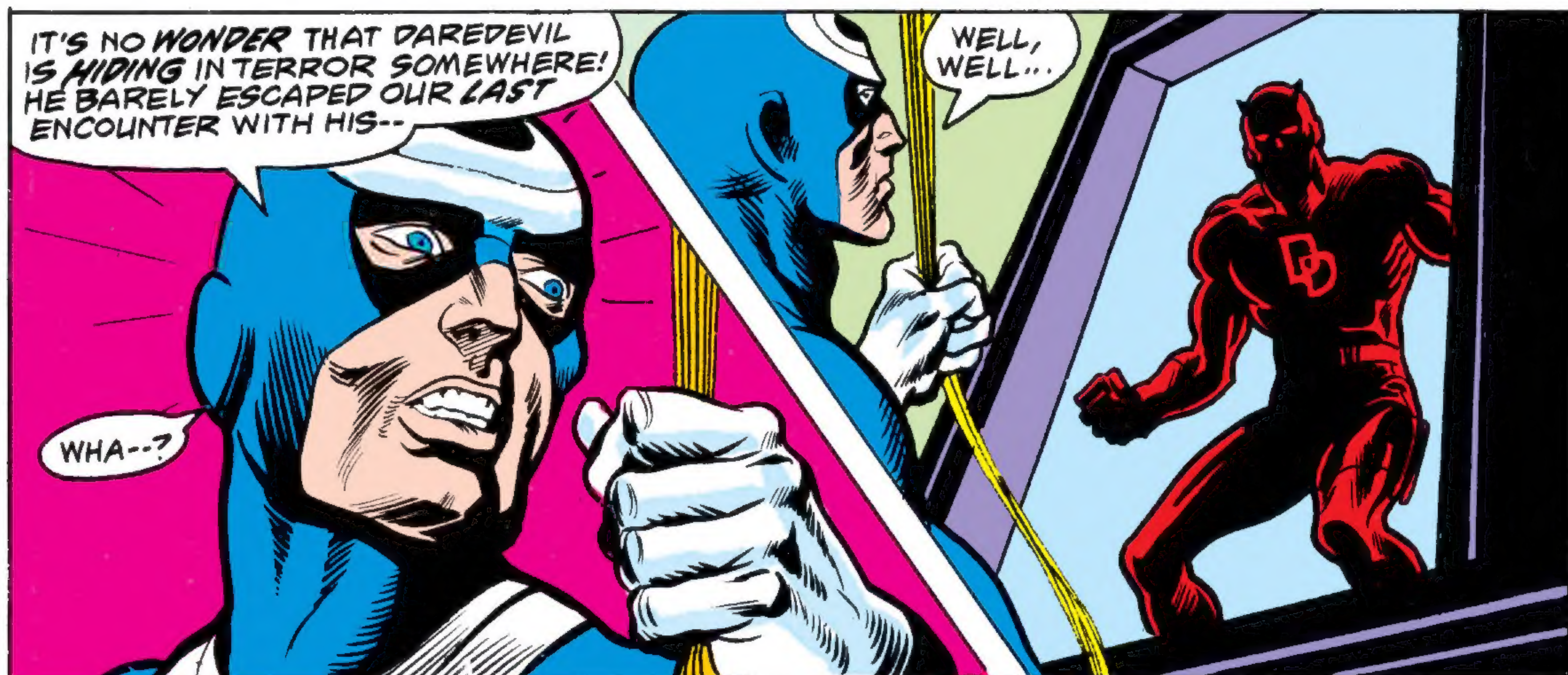
--HAVE NO WEAPONS! I AM  
UNARMED! AND STILL DAREDEVIL  
IS AFRAID TO FACE ME!

SEND ALL UNITS IN  
AT THE ONE MINUTE  
MARK! STILL NO  
SIGN OF... OUR  
"HERO"?

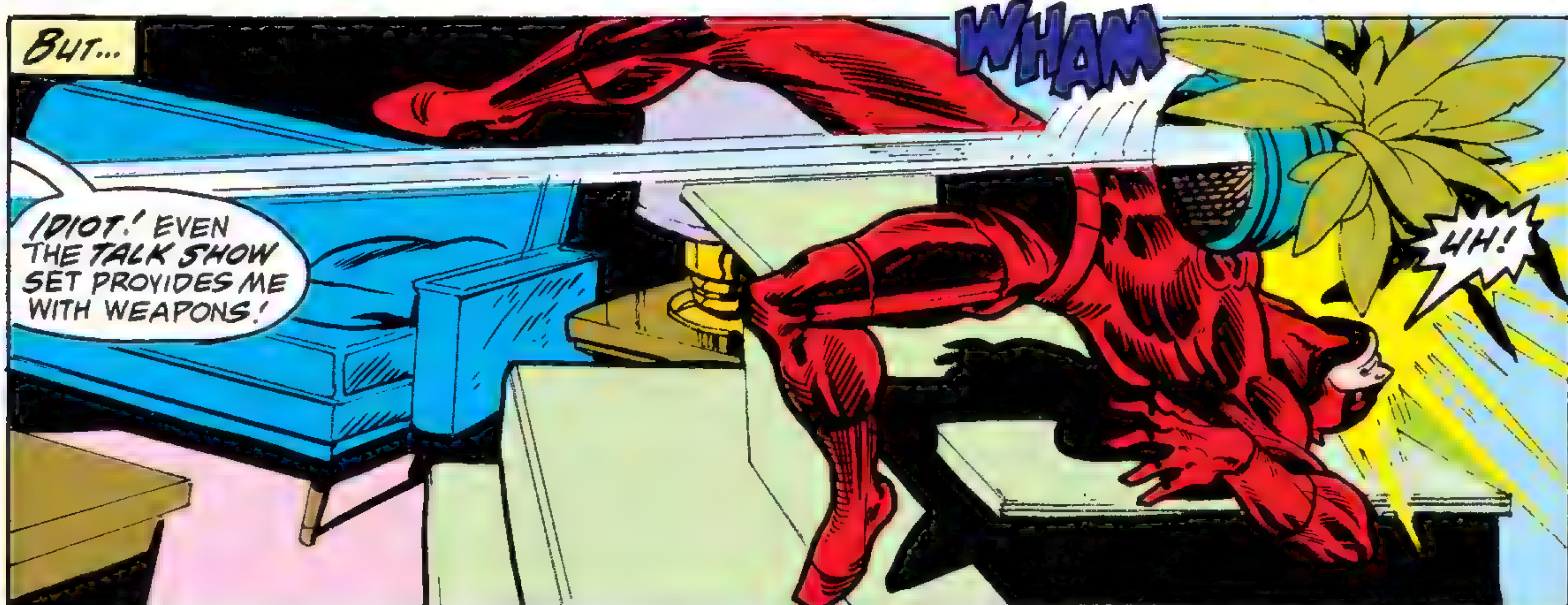
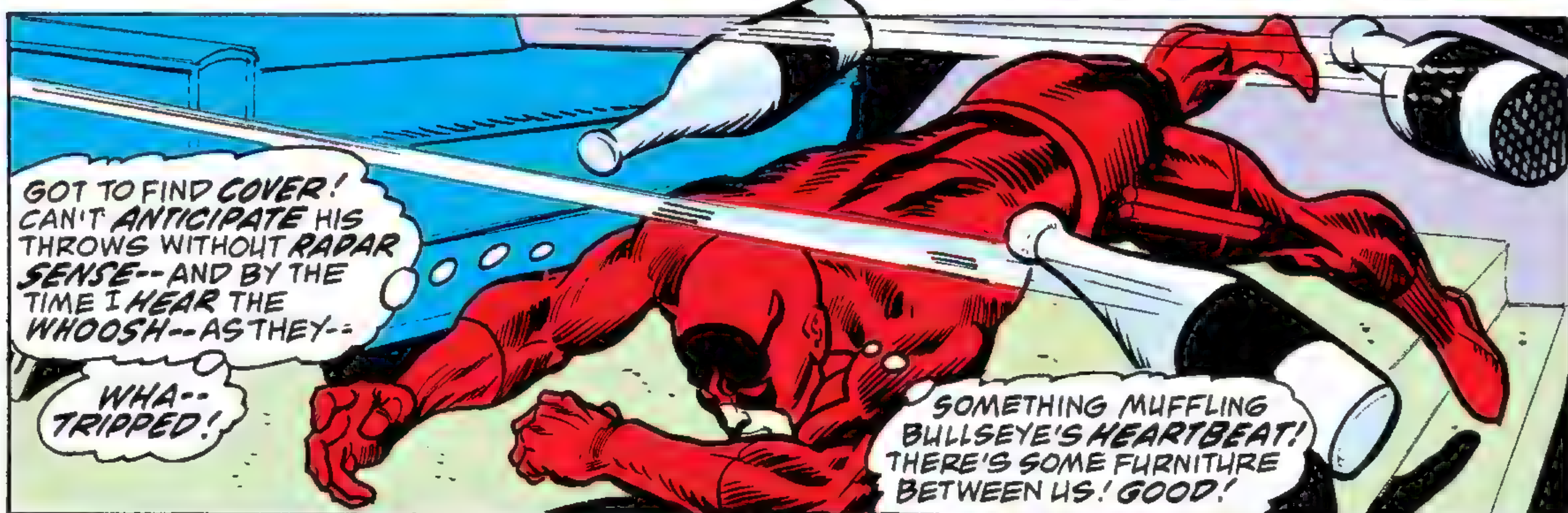
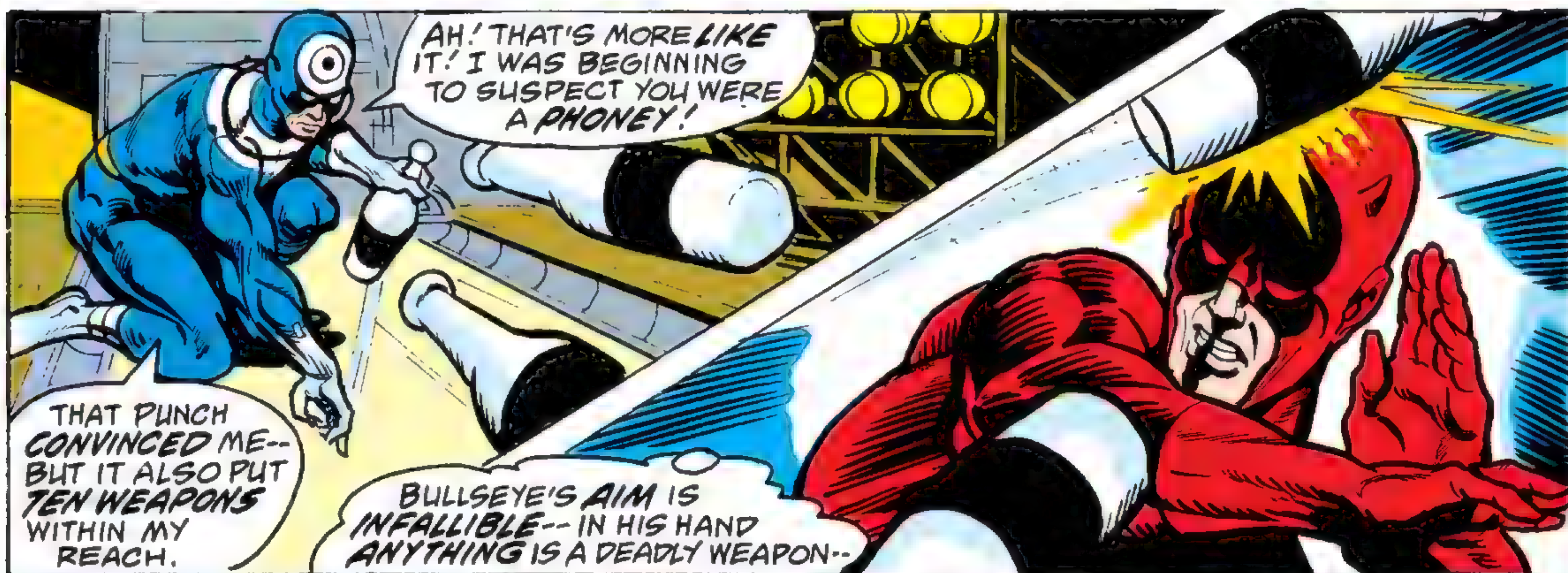
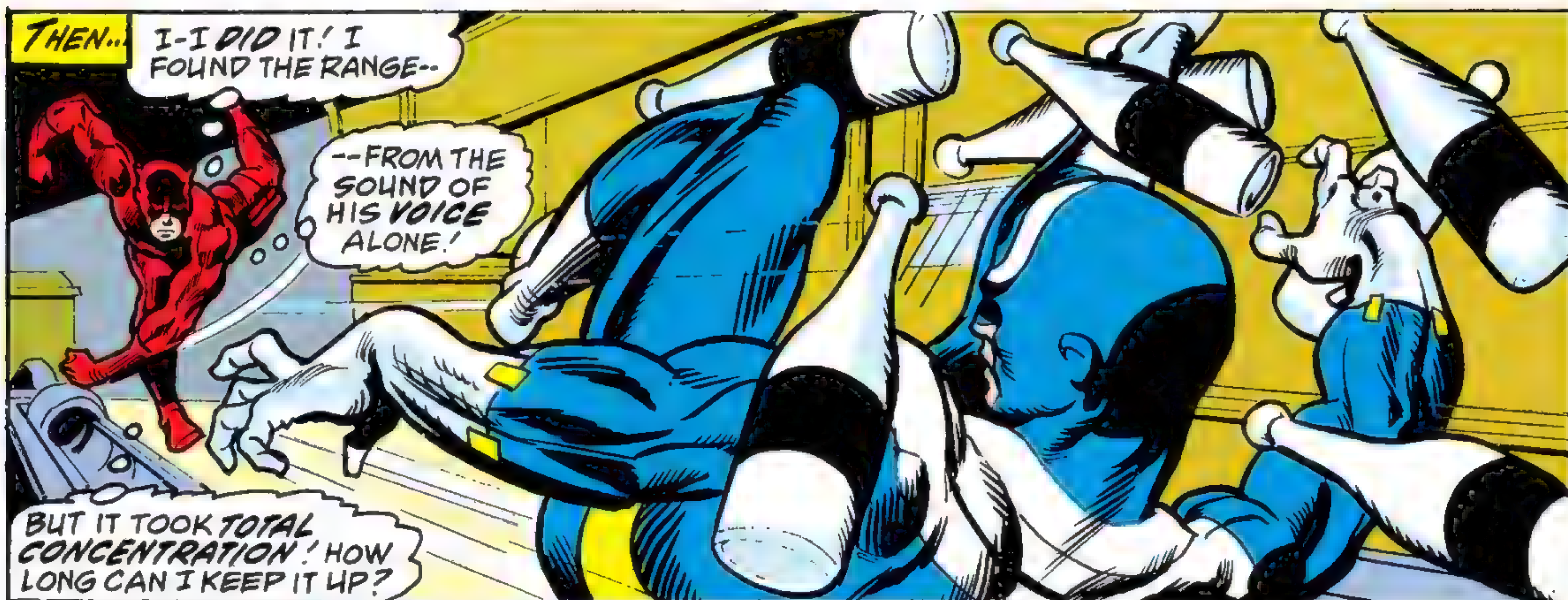
THE DEAD-  
LINE IS  
COMING  
FAST!

NO, SIR! BUT IF  
I KNEW WHERE  
THAT YELLOW  
CLOWN WAS, I'D  
DRAG HIM TO  
THAT STATION.

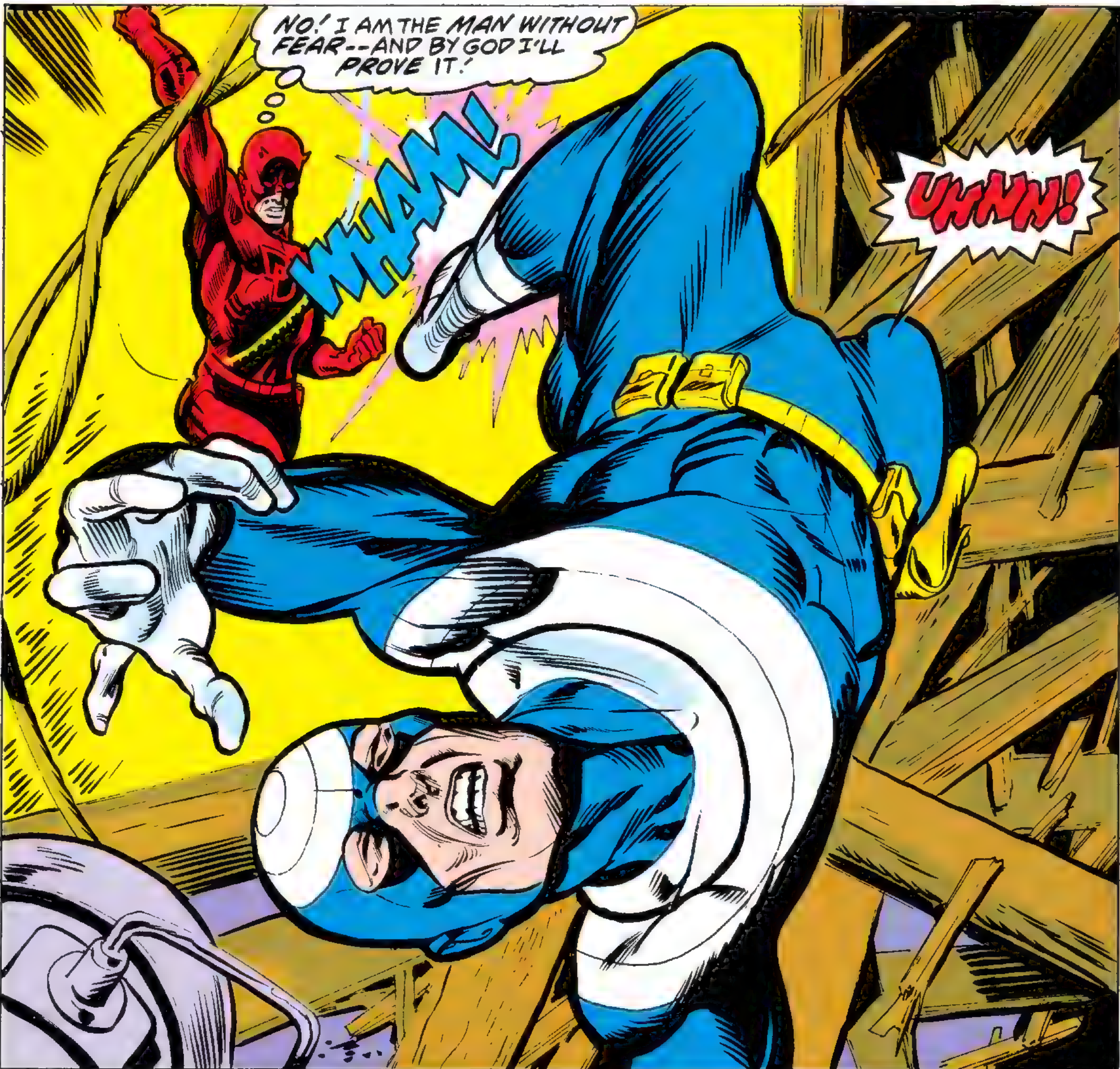
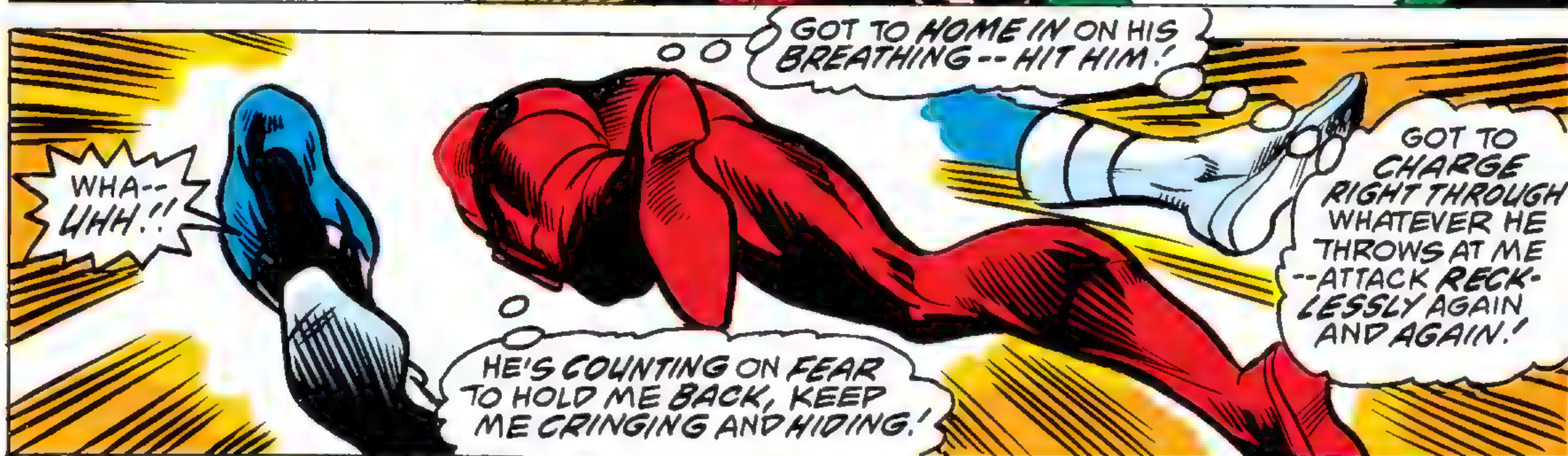
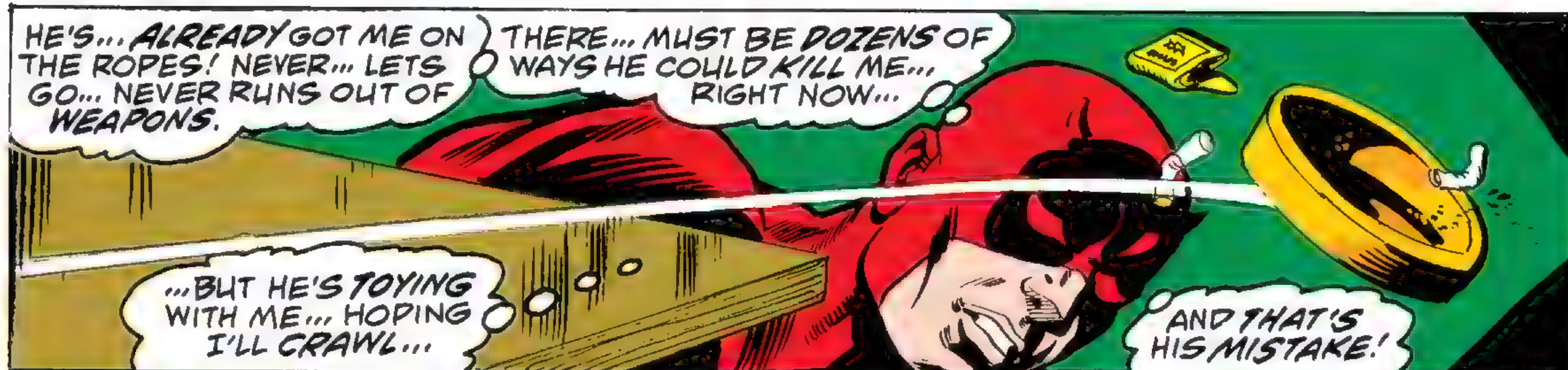




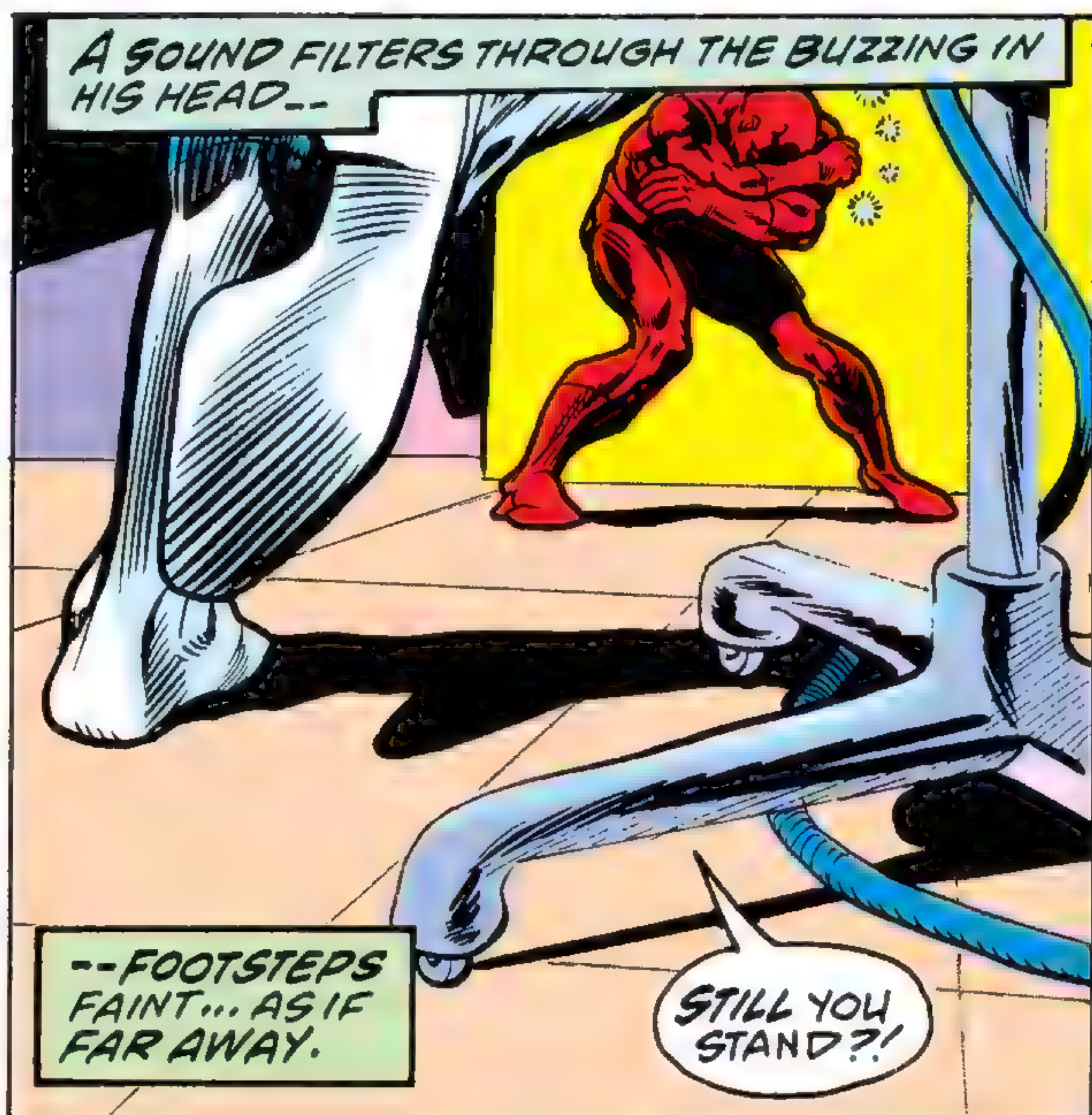
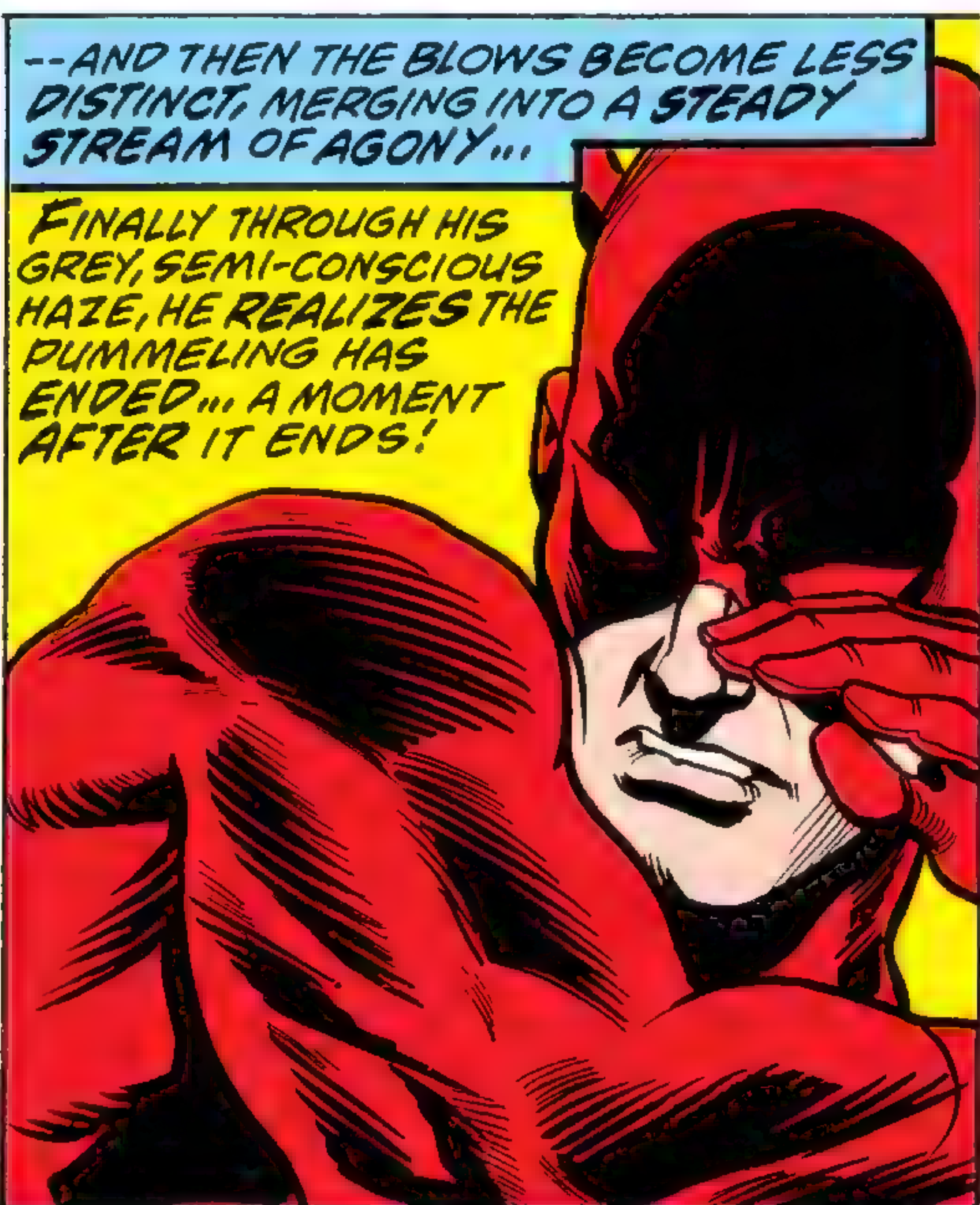
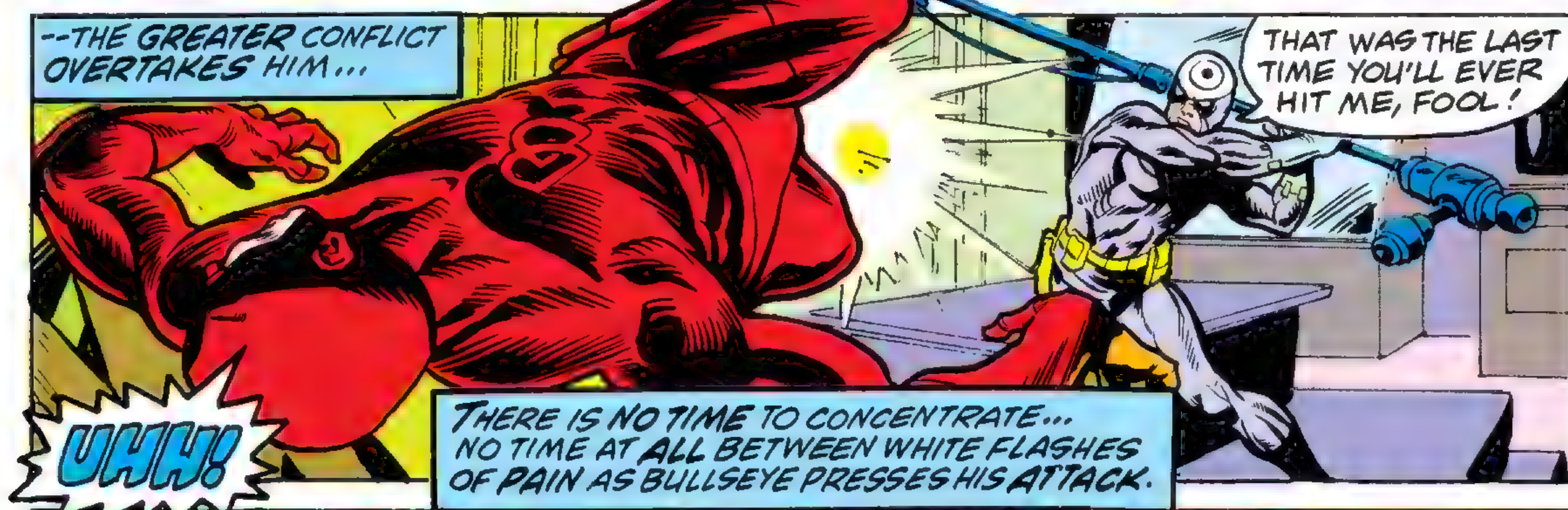












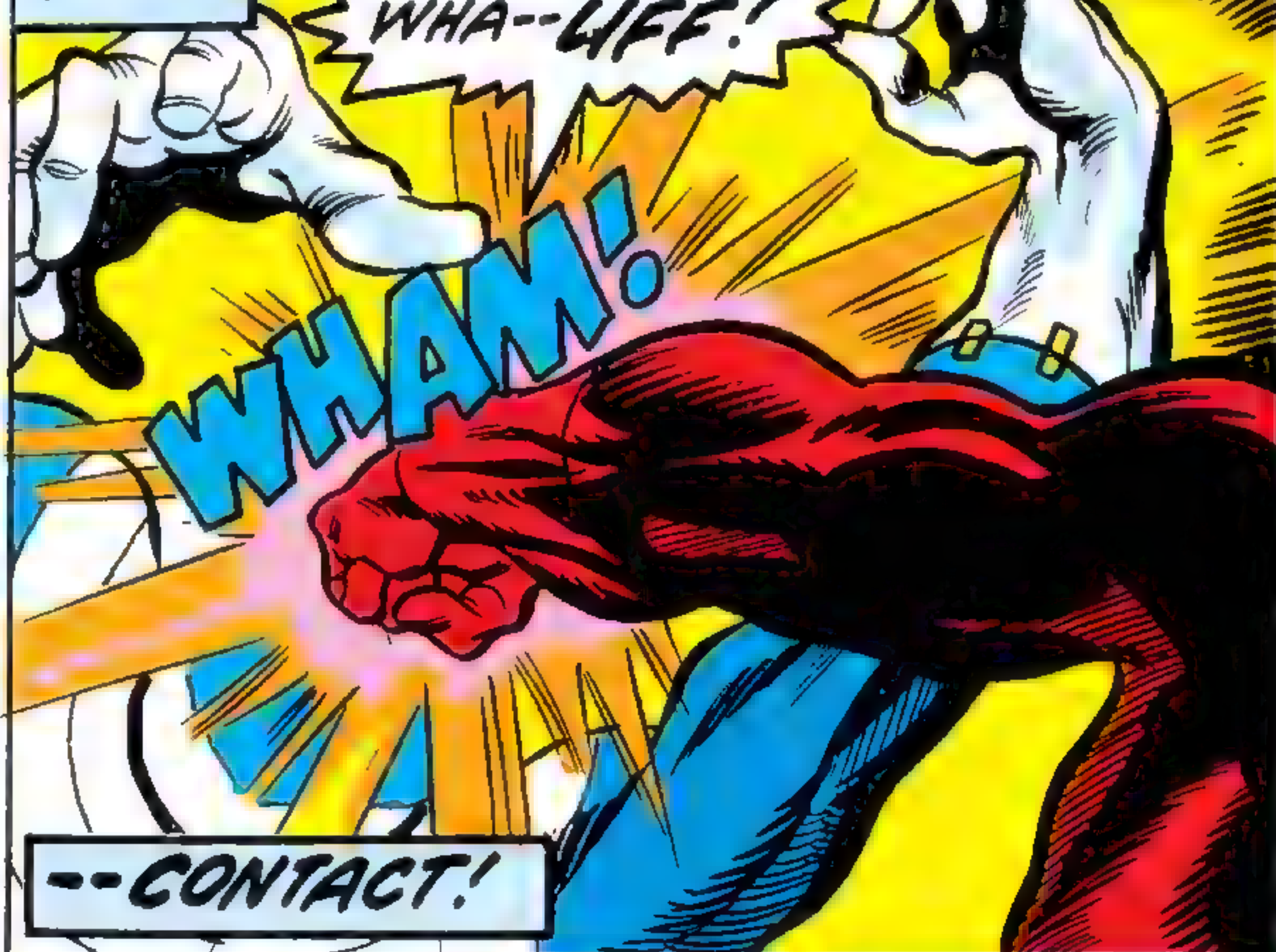


BULLSEYE'S WORDS SOMEHOW REACH DAREDEVIL...YES, HE STILL STANDS, BUT NOW TRULY BLIND. PAIN AND DIZZINESS HAVE OVERWHELMED ALL HIS SENSES.



WHAT HE DOES PERCEIVE HE CANNOT TRUST. HE KNOWS BULLSEYE IS CLOSER THAN THE DISTANT DISBELIEVING VOICE SEEMED.

HE STRIKES AT THE NOTHINGNESS HOPING FOR--

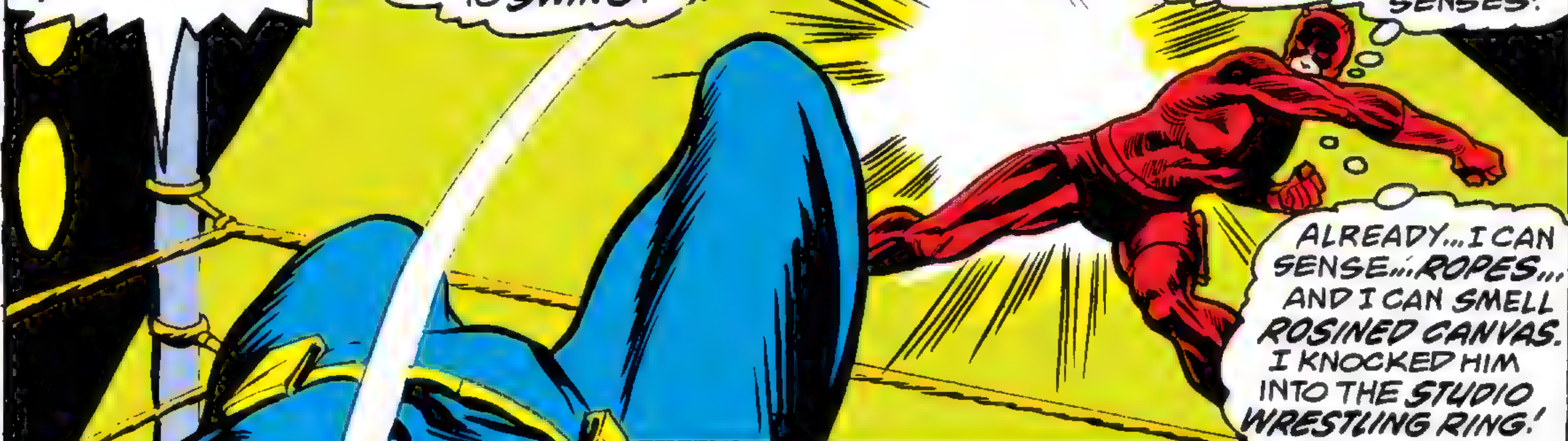


--CONTACT!

NO! YOU CAN'T--  
UHHNNH!

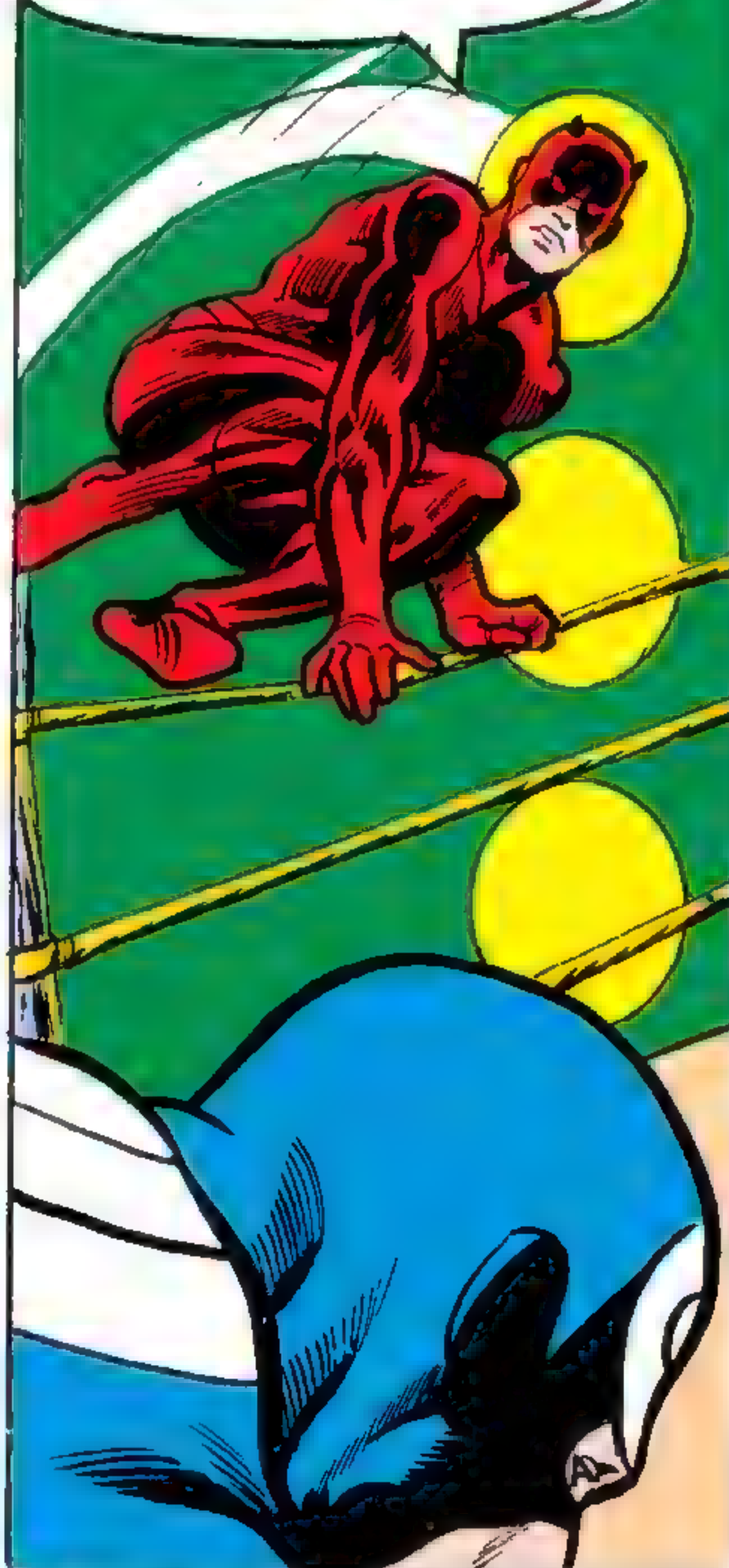
I CAN! NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE TO SWING!

MY WHOLE BODY HURTS-- BUT I BOUGHT THE SECONDS I NEED TO RECOVER MY SENSES!



ALREADY...I CAN SENSE...ROPE... AND I CAN SMELL ROSINED CANVAS. I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE STUDIO WRESTLING RING!

THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU TO USE AS A WEAPON, BULLS! IT'S JUST YOU AND ME!



IT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU MUST BE HALF DEAD FROM THE POUNDING I GAVE YOU! I'LL FINISH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.





